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THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND London Review:

Containing the

Literature HISTORY Politics,

Arts, Manners & Amusements of the Age.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ

BY THE

Philological Society of London.

VOL. XIII. for 1788.

LONDON.

Printed for J. Sewell, Cornhill, 1788.

Academiæ Cantabrigiensis
Liber

THE European Magazine, AND LONDON REVIEW; For JANUARY, 1788.

[Embellished with, 1. An Emblematical FRONTISPIECE. 2. Portrait of Mrs. INCHBALD, 3. VIEW of GWALIOR, in the EAST-INDIES. And 4. An engraved TITLE-PAGE and VIGNETTE.]

CONTAINING

	Page
Preface — — —	3
Account of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald —	5
An Account of Gwalior, in the East-Indies	6
Extracts of Original Letters from Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Watkins —	8
Hints for regulating Mr. H. Hope's Studies. By the late Earl of Kinnoul	9
Characters of the Boxers in Broughton's Time. By Capt. James Godfrey —	12
Description of Winter, as it appears in Hindostan — —	15
Omission respecting Mr. Popple, in the Account of the Differences subsisting in Trinity College, supplied —	16
The London Review, with Anecdotes of Authors.	
Gilpin's Observations relative to Picturesque Beauty —	17
Prospects on the Rubicon: or, an Investigation into the Causes and Consequences of the Politics to be agitated at the Meeting of Parliament —	22
Miss H. Lee's New Peerage; or, Our Eyes may Deceive Us. A Comedy	23
Mrs. Inchbald's Midnight Hour —	24
Jephson's Julia; or, the Italian Lover, a Tragedy — —	ib.
Transactions of the Society instituted at London for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce; with the Premiums offered in the Year 1787 — —	26
Hayley's Elegy on the ancient Greek Model, addressed to the Right Rev. Robert Lowth, Lord Bishop of London	29
Favourite Tales, translated from the French	30
In Olentem Bellendeni Editorem, Carmen Antamœbæum —	32
Fullarton's View of the English Interests in India — — —	33
The London Medical Journal for the Year 1787. Part III. [concluded]	38
Headley's Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry, with Remarks —	39
Mackenzie's Strictures on Lieut. Colonel Tarleton's "History of the Campaigns of 1780 and 1781 in the Southern Provinces of North-America;" with Anecdotes of Mr. Mackenzie —	40
The Streatham Album: or, Ministerial Amusements. No. V. and VI. —	41
Letters of the late Mr. Sterne [continued]	44
Original Letter to a Friend, from the celebrated Mr. Pope.	46
Essay on Snuff-taking. By Earl Stanhope	ib.
Poetry: including Ode for the New Year. Written by the Rev. T. Warton, Poet-Laureat—Invocation to Horror—Ode to Mrs. Siddons—To Indifference—Ode to Death—Thoughts on Walking in Eton-College—To Maria, on her Wedding day—To a Lady, with a Present of Pope's Works. By the Hon. Charles Yorke, &c &c. —	ib.
Theatrical Journal: including Epilogue to the Agreeable Surprise, written by Major Arabin——Account of Mr. Hoare's Tragedy, entitled Such Things Were; with the Prologue and Epilogue to it—Alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's King and no King, &c.	53
Account of the late F. Pilon, Esq. —	58
Dresses, Fashions, &c. of the Queen's Birth-day	
Monthly Chronicle, Preferments, Marriages, Monthly Obituary, Barometer and Thermometer, Prices of Stocks and Grain, &c. &c.	

LONDON:
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And J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly.
[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Jan. 14, to Jan. 19, 1788.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	5	5	3	3	2	9	2	0	2	11
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middlesex	5	8	0	0	2	10	2	4	3	0
Surry	5	9	3	0	2	10	2	3	4	1
Hertford	5	7	0	0	2	9	2	2	3	0
Bedford	5	2	3	2	2	6	1	10	3	0
Cambridge	5	1	3	2	2	5	1	9	2	6
Huntingdon	5	2	0	0	2	5	1	9	2	6
Northampton	5	3	2	10	2	6	1	9	2	10
Rutland	5	3	0	0	2	9	1	11	2	7
Leicester	5	2	3	6	2	8	1	11	3	8
Nottingham	5	6	3	6	2	8	2	1	3	4
Derby	5	11	0	0	3	0	2	4	4	3
Stafford	5	7	0	0	1	11	2	3	4	4
Salop	5	8	3	9	1	11	2	0	5	3
Hereford	5	5	0	0	3	1	2	0	2	10
Worcester	5	4	0	0	2	11	1	11	3	3
Warwick	5	8	0	0	2	9	1	10	3	7
Glocester	5	3	0	0	2	7	1	10	3	8
Wilts	5	4	0	0	2	7	2	0	0	0
Berks	5	6	0	0	2	8	2	1	3	1
Oxford	5	0	0	0	2	7	2	2	3	5
Bucks	5	3	0	0	2	8	1	11	2	11

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Essex	5	3	0	0	2	6	2	0	3	0
Suffolk	4	10	3	1	2	6	1	11	2	8
Norfolk	4	11	3	0	2	5	2	0	0	0
Lincoln	5	2	2	11	2	6	1	10	3	0
York	5	6	3	6	2	10	1	11	4	0
Durham	5	4	4	0	2	9	1	11	4	2
Northumberl.	5	1	3	5	2	7	1	9	4	4
Cumberland	5	10	3	6	2	9	1	11	0	0
Westmorld.	5	10	4	0	3	0	1	10	4	5
Lancashire	5	11	0	0	3	1	2	3	3	8
Cheshire	5	10	3	8	3	1	2	3	0	0
Monmouth	5	11	0	0	2	11	1	9	3	0
Somerset	5	8	3	0	2	8	1	10	3	0
Devon	5	6	0	0	2	7	1	6	0	0
Cornwall	5	9	0	0	2	9	1	4	0	0
Dorset	5	9	2	8	2	7	2	0	3	1
Hants	5	6	0	0	2	7	2	0	3	1
Suffex	5	5	0	0	2	8	2	1	3	7
Kent	5	4	0	0	2	10	2	2	2	9

WALES, Jan. 7, to Jan. 12, 1788.

North Wales	5	8	4	4	3	1	1	9	4	3
South Wales	5	3	3	9	2	9	1	5	4	9

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

DECEMBER.

Barometer.	Thermom.	Wind.
29—30 — 25	37	E.N.E.
30—29 — 90	37	E.
31—30 — 07	40	S.W.

JANUARY, 1788.

1—30 — 09	40	S E.
2—29 — 62	39	S W.
3—28 — 94	44 5	S. S. W.
4—28 — 96	46	S. S. W.
5—29 — 34	37 8	E. N. E.
6—29 — 15	43	W.
7—29 — 67	37	N. W.
8—29 — 68	38	N. W.
9—30 — 18	38	N. E.
10—30 — 22	36	N. N. E.
11—30 — 33	37	N N. E.
12—30 — 34	36	N.E.
13—30 — 00	37	N. E.
14—30 — 50	35	N.
15—30 — 52	28	N.
16—30 — 70	28	W.
17—30 — 65	36	W.
18—30 — 10	44	W.
19—29 — 75	41	W.N.W.
20—30 — 33	35	W.N.W.
21—30 — 16	37	W.N.W.
22—30 — 00	40	W.
23—29 — 90	44	W.
24—29 — 83	47	W.
25—29 — 95	44	W.
26—30 — 05	41	S.
27—30 — 20	40	N. W.
28—30 — 26	39	N.
29—30 — 34	33	S.

PRICES of STOCKS,

Jan. 29, 1788.

Bank Stock, 159 ¾ a 160
New 4 per Cent. 1777, 95 7-8ths a 96
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 112 ¾ a 7-8ths
3 per Cent. red. 75 ¾ a 76
3 per Cent Conf. 75 ½ a ¾
3 per Cent. 1726, ——
3 per Cent. 1751, ——
3 per Ct. Ind. An. 71 7-8ths
South Sea Stock, ——
Old S. S. Ann. 75 ⅞
New S. S. Ann. ——
India Stock, ——
India Bonds, 84s. pr.
New Navy and Vict. Bills
Long Ann. 22 9-16ths a 5-8ths
30 yrs. Ann. 1778, 13 15-16ths
Exchequer Bills, ——
Lottery Tick. 16l. 17s. a 18s.
Consols for Feb. 77 ⅛ a 77

PREFACE.

THE utility of periodical publications, their general power of entertainment, the knowledge which has been diffuſed through every part of the known world by means of them, and the improvement in arts, ſciences, literature, and civilization, which may be aſcribed to them, are ſo univerſally known and felt, that it would be a waſte of time to attempt to prove what no one will deny, and which requires only the ſlighteſt obſervation to perceive. In ſpite of the ſplenetic ſneers of faſtidious pride, in ſpite of the intereſted cavils of dulneſs and ignorance, what is known to be beneficial will continue to be approved; what is found to convey knowledge and amuſement will ſtill be ſought after and applauded. It would be no vain boaſting to aſſert, that in the various walks of ſcience and literature more knowledge has been conveyed to the public by this ſpecies of publication, than through any other channel whatever. Much of the improvements of the preſent times may, without arrogance, be claimed by the influence of Literary Journals, and the facility with which they are diſſeminated. At one period or other of life, who can ſay they have not received improvement, amuſement, or rational pleaſure, by means of theſe monthly publications?

When the names of the moſt eminent of the preſent day paſs in review before us, which of them can be pointed out whoſe owner has not contributed his aſſiſtance at ſome period to a periodical publication? Here the modeſt and unaſſuming firſt try their powers: here the diffident may acquire confidence; the inquiſitive information; the doubtful ſatisfaction; and the benevolent the opportunity of communicating happineſs. Of the Eminent who have already paſſed away (and many of them highly deſerving), the memorials of not a few will be preſerved in no other repoſitory.

Amidſt the multiplicity of publications of this ſpecies, it cannot be denied but that ſome are perverted to improper purpoſes, and ſome executed with ſo little judgment, that no advantage to the public is derived from them. Theſe, however, are too ſhort-lived to deſerve particular notice. The contempt which they experience fortunately conſigns them to oblivion.

After ſix years experience, the EDITORS of THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE would be wanting to themſelves were they to doubt whether the manner in which they have conducted their work had been acceptable to the public. A continued increaſe in their ſale, and the frequent orders from abroad, ſufficiently convince them that their labours have not been fruitleſs or in vain. Perſeverance in the ſame line of conduct, they will conſider as the beſt return they can make for the uncommon favour they have experienced. The ſame attention will be employed for the time to come, and they doubt not with equal ſucceſs,

The

PREFACE.

The PLATES which have ornamented this Work are ſuch, as the PROPRIETORS have repeatedly received the warmeſt approbation of from various quarters. The ſame artiſts continue to be employed, and many portraits and ſubjects are at this moment executing to adorn the enſuing volumes. To ſolicit a compariſon with other works of this nature is unneceſſary. It may be confidently aſſerted, that in this particular no Monthly publication can ſtand in any kind of competition with the preſent.

For the Biographical department, they have been favoured with ſuch authentic materials as cannot fail to enſure the approbation of the world. Correctneſs is the principal merit to be looked for in articles of this kind; and in this particular their materials will hereafter conſiderably aſſiſt the Hiſtorian and Biographer. The uſe which is frequently made of them by very reſpectable publications is ſufficient praiſe. In recording the lives of many eminent perſons, the moſt conſiderable aid will be derived from the preſent work.

After ſo long an acquaintance with the public, the EDITORS preſume they may take the liberty of abridging the ceremonial employed on ſuch occaſions as the preſent. They therefore will conclude by obſerving, that as they do not apprehend being neglected ſo long as their attention is alive to the performance of their engagements, ſo they will deſire no encouragement when they ſhall in any degree relax their aſſiduity in furniſhing ſuch an entertainment as will be uſeful and amuſing to all ranks and claſſes of readers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The impoſition attempted to be practiſed upon us by *E. C.* is received with the contempt it deſerves. The Verſes pretended to be written in the Chancel of Bottisford Church are ſtolen from the Poetical Calendar, Vol. II. p. 49.

R.'s favour in our next.

We ſhall be glad to hear from *Capt. Fidget* when his Muſe is not directed to politics.

We are ſorry we omitted to mention ſooner that the *Tale on Cropping* cannot be inſerted.

Other Correſpondents ſhall be noticed in our next.

European Magazine

Mrs. INCHBALD.

From an Original Painting.

Published by J. Sewell Cornhill.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND LONDON REVIEW,

For JANUARY, 1788.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An Account of the LIFE and WRITINGS of MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

(With a PORTRAIT of HER.)

THE Dramatic Muſe has been particularly favourable to the ladies. Of the ſeveral ſpecies of literature in which they have eſſayed to rival their male competitors, this ſeems to be a favourite, and more than ordinary ſucceſsful purſuit. To the numerous female writers for the ſtage who have already acquired fame by the exerciſe of their talents, the preſent times have added ſome whoſe works promiſe to afford entertainment to generations yet unborn. With the vivacity, ſpirit, wit, and invention which have diſtinguiſhed former female writers, the preſent times have ſeen what have ſometimes heretofore been wanting, ſentiment and delicacy. The Behns, the Manleys, and the Centlivres of the laſt, and early in the preſent century, will obtain no advantage by a compariſon with ſome preſent ladies in the chief qualities of dramatic compoſition. In decency and propriety they muſt incur no ſmall portion of diſgrace.

MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD, the lady whoſe portrait adorns the preſent Magazine, is the daughter of Mr. Simpſon, a farmer in the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk. In her infancy her father died, and ſhe early diſcovered a taſte for dramatic performances, and a propenſity to the ſtage. Her firſt application to be received on a theatre, we have been informed, was to Mr. Griffith, formerly Manager of the Norwich Company of Comedians: but this gentleman apprehending, from an impediment in her ſpeech, that her ſucceſs would be very hazardous, uſed his influence to diſſuade her from her purpoſe. Her paſſion, however, for the ſtage was too powerful to ſubmit to the prudential admonitions of the Manager, and ſhe ſhortly afterwards went to Edinburgh, where ſhe performed with ſome degree of reputation.

After being ſome time on the ſtage, ſhe united herſelf in marriage with Mr. Inchbald, who had performed one ſeaſon, at leaſt that of 1770, 1771, at Drury Lane, but with ſo little reputation, that at the expiration of his engagement he did not obtain a renewal of it. This occaſioned his returning to the country, where he performed at various theatres, and in one of them met with Miſs Simpſon. The union between them was productive of that degree of harmony which did equal credit to both parties, and ſeemed to enſure a continuance of that happineſs which is the reſult of a conduct directed by prudence and affection. They performed together at different theatres both in England and Scotland; and if credit is to be given to an account of Mrs. Inchbald lately publiſhed, at one time made a trip to France for the reeſtabliſhment of her health. After a few years Mr. Inchbald died in 1779, at York, where he was buried. The following inſcription to his memory, written by Mr. Kemble of Drury Lane Theatre, is placed on his tomb, and is here inſerted as no unfavourable character of him.

Siſte, Viator!
Hic ſepulta jacent oſſa
JOSEPHI INCHBALD, HISTRIONIS
Qui æqualium ſuorum
In fictis ſcenarum facile princeps evaſit,
Virtutiſque in veris vitæ claruit exemplar.
Procul iſte, in illi ſuperſtitio,

E:

Et mala ſuadens religionis turbidus amor!
Veſtris enim ingratiis, hic lapis omnibus
prædicabit
Quod in his humi ſacræ carceribus.
Vir recti ſemper tenax,
Sociis charus, in pauperes benignus,
Pater optimus, maritus fidelis,
Societatis jurum in cunctis obſervantiſſi-
mus,
Otii gaudium, nec non ſeriorum orna-
mentum,
Expectans
De clementia numinis immortalis,
Æterna fini felicitate
Requieſcit,
JOS. INCHBALD,
Annum agens quadrageſimum quartum
Octavo Iduum Junii
Mortem Obiit
Anno MDCCLXXIX.

The next year Mrs. Inchbald was engaged at Covent Garden Theatre, and appeared for the firſt time on 3d October, 1780, in Bellario in Philaſter, and was immediately appointed to a round of characters, which ſhe filled much to the ſatisfaction of the public. An inclination to dramatic compoſition at this period ſhewed itſelf, and ſhe wrote, as we are informed, a farce on the ſubject of Mr. Madan's Thelyphthora; which, when offered to the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre, was rejected. She continued to perform for two ſeaſons, when, on a diſagreement with the Manager, ſhe went for the ſeaſon of 1782 to Dublin. She, however, the next year returned to Covent Garden, where, and at the Hay-Market, in the ſummer, ſhe has continued ever ſince.

Though unſucceſsful in her effort to obtain a repreſentation for her firſt performance, ſhe appears not to have been diſcouraged. She continued to write, and in the year 1784 produced a farce which had for its ſubject the then faſhionable rage for ballooning. It was called "A Magic Tale," and was performed with ſucceſs at the Hay-Market. The applauſe this piece met with induced Mr. Colman to read a comedy which had been put into his hands ſome time before; and the reſult of his peruſal of it was ſo much in its favour, that he immediately accepted it. It was called, "I'll Tell you What," and was acted for the firſt time at the Hay-Market, 4th Auguſt, 1785. The reception of this piece by the Public fixed Mrs. Inchbald's reputation as a dramatic writer. It was acted that ſeaſon twenty nights to very crowded and brilliant audiences.

The great and deſerved ſucceſs of this piece ſeems to have awakened the attention of the winter Manager to Mrs. Inchbald's merit as a writer. We accordingly find, that early in the ſeaſon of 1785, a farce by her was acted at Covent Garden, called, "Appearance Is Againſt Them;" and this was followed by another at the Hay-Market in 1786, intitled, "The Widow's Vow." Both were applauded. In 1787, "Such Things Are" was produced at Covent Garden, and acted with a degree of applauſe equal to any piece (if we except The School for Scandal) of the preſent time. The "Midnight Hour" ſucceeded at the ſame theatre; and, though a tranſlation, derives ſome of its merit from the judicious improvements of this Lady's pen. Her laſt performance is noticed in our Magazine for December, where both her motives for permitting its repreſentation, and her apology for its defects, are inſerted.

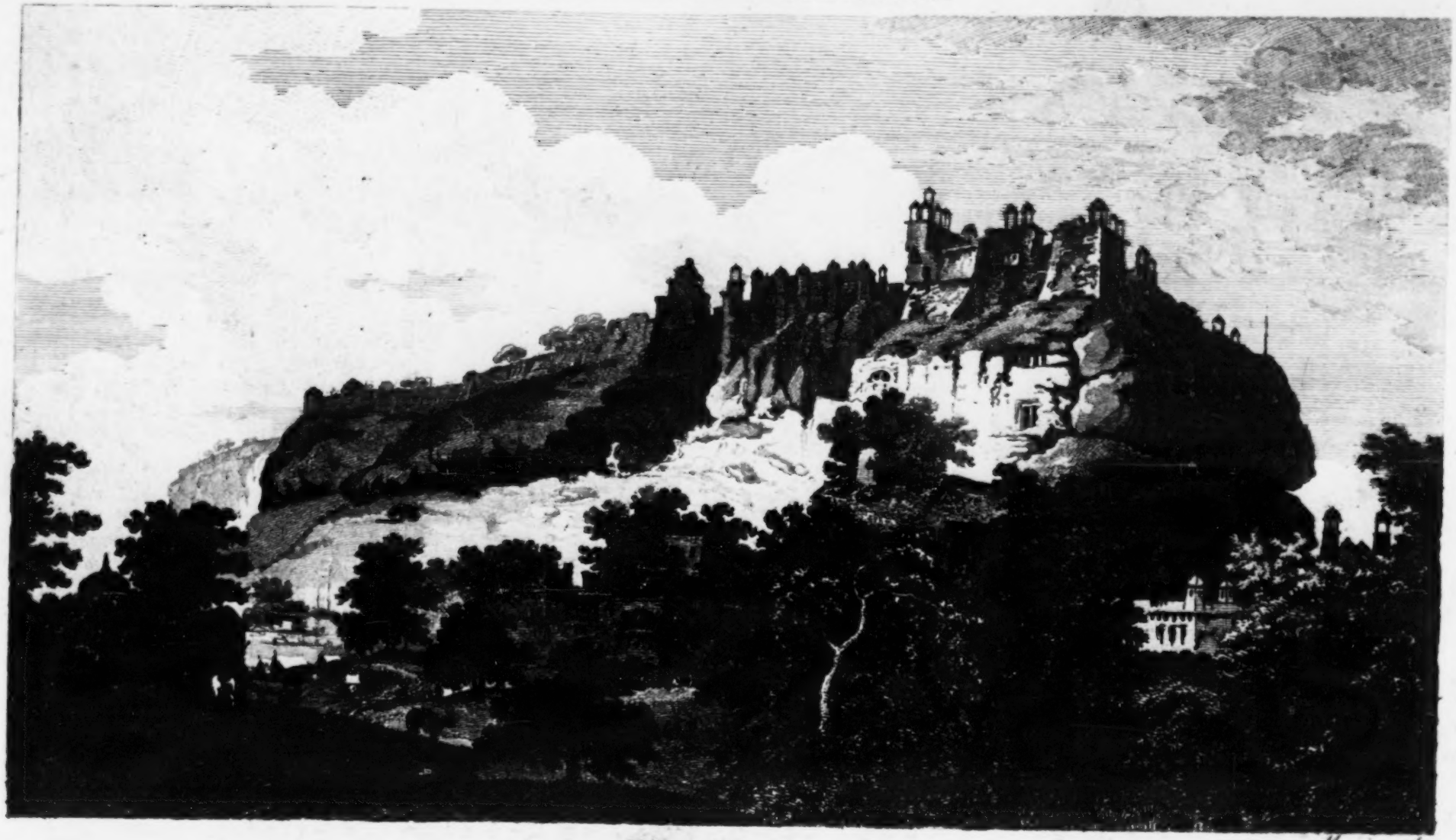
Mrs. Inchbald, we learn, is preparing another piece for Covent Garden Theatre, which in due time will be noticed in this Magazine.

An ACCOUNT of GWALIOR, in the EAST-INDIES.

[Embelliſhed with a VIEW of it.]

THE ancient and celebrated fortreſs of Gwalior (or Gowalier) is ſituated in the very heart of Hindoſtan Proper, being about eighty miles to the ſouth of Agra, the ancient capital of the empire, and one hundred and thirty from the neareſt part of the Ganges. From Calcutta it is, by the neareſt route, upwards of eight hundred miles, and nine hundred and ten by the ordinary one; and about two hundred and eighty from the Britiſh frontiers. Its latitude is 26 deg. 14 ſec. and long. 78 deg. 26 ſec. from Greenwich.

In the ancient diviſion of the empire, it is claſſed in the Soubah of Agra, and is often mentioned in Hiſtory. In the year 1008, and during the two following centuries, it was thrice reduced by famine. It is probable, that it muſt in all ages have been deemed a military poſt of utmoſt conſequence; both from its ſituation in reſpect to the capital, and from the peculiarity of its ſcite, which



Morris sculp.

A View of the FORT *of* GWALIOR *from the N.W.*

Published by J. Sewell, Cornhill.

which was generally deemed impregnable. With reſpect to its relative poſition, it muſt be conſidered, that it ſtands on the principal road leading from Agra to Malwa, Guzerat, and the Decan; and that, too, near the place where it enters the hilly tract which advances from Bundelcund, Malwa, and Agimere, to a parallel with the river Jumnah, throughout the greateſt part of its courſe. And from all theſe circumſtances of general and particular ſituation, together with its natural and acquired advantages as a fortreſs, the poſſeſſion of it was deemed as neceſſary to the ruling Emperors of Hindoſtan, as Dover-Caſtle might have been to the Saxon and Norman Kings of England. Its palace was uſed as a ſtate-priſon as early as 1317, and continued to be ſuch until the downfal of the empire.

On the final diſmemberment of the empire, Gwalior appears to have fallen to the lot of a Rajah of the Jat tribe, who aſſumed the government of the diſtrict in which it is immediately ſituated, under the title of Rana of Gohud, or Gohd. Since that period it has changed maſters more than once; the Mahrattas, whoſe dominions extend to the neighbourhood of it, having ſometimes poſſeſſed it, and at other times the Rana; but the means of transfer were always either famine or treachery, nothing like a ſiege having ever been attempted.

Gwalior was in the poſſeſſion of Madajee Scindia, a Mahratta Chief, in 1779, at the cloſe of which year the Council General of Bengal concluded an alliance with the Rana; in conſequence of which four battalions of ſepoys, of five hundred men each, and ſome pieces of artillery, were ſent to his aſſiſtance, his diſtrict being overrun by the Mahrattas, and himſelf almoſt ſhut up in his fort of Gohud. The grand object of his alliance was to penetrate into Scindia's country, and finally to draw Scindia himſelf from the weſtern ſide of India, where he was attending the motions of General Goddard, who was then employed in the reduction of Guzerat; it being Mr. Haſtings's idea, that when Scindia found his own dominions in danger, he would detach himſelf from the Confederacy, of which he was the principal member, and thus leave matters open for an accommodation with the Court of Poonah. It fell out exactly as Mr. Haſtings predicted. Major William Popham was appointed to the command of the little army ſent to the Rana's aſſiſtance, and was very ſucceſsful, as well in clearing his country of the enemy, as in driving them out of one of their own moſt valuable diſtricts, and keeping poſſeſſion of it. And Mr. Haſtings, who juſtly concluded that the capture of Gwalior, if practicable, would not only open the way into Scindia's country, but would alſo add to the reputation of our arms in a degree much beyond the riſque and expence of the undertaking, repeatedly expreſſed his opinion to Major Popham, together with a wiſh that it might be attempted; and founding his hopes of ſucceſs on the confidence that the garriſon would probably have in the natural ſtrength of the place.

It was accordingly undertaken; and the following account of the place, and the manner of our getting poſſeſſion of it, was written by Captain Jonathan Scott, at that time Perſian Interpreter to Major Popham, to his brother Major John Scott.

The fortreſs of Gwalior ſtands on a vaſt rock of about four miles in length, but narrow, and of unequal breadth, and nearly flat at the top. The ſides are ſo ſteep as to appear almoſt perpendicular in every part; for where it was not naturally ſo, it has been ſcraped away; and the height from the plain below is from two hundred to three hundred feet. The rampart conforms to the edge of the precipice all round; and the only entrance to it is by ſteps running up the ſide of the rock, defended on the ſide next the country by a wall and baſtions, and farther guarded by ſeven ſtone gateways, at certain diſtances from each other. The area within is full of noble buildings, reſervoirs of water, wells, and cultivated land; ſo that it is really a little diſtrict in itſelf. At the north-weſt foot of the mountain is the town, pretty large, and well built; the houſes all of ſtone. To have beſieged this place would be vain, for nothing but a ſurprize or blockade could have carried it.

A tribe of banditti from the diſtrict of the Rana had been accuſtomed to rob about this town, and once in the dead of night had climbed up the rock, and got into the fort. This intelligence they had communicated to the Rana, who often thought of availing himſelf of it, but was fearful of undertaking an enterprize of ſuch moment with his own troops. At length he informed Major Popham of it, who ſent a party of the robbers to conduct ſome of his own ſpies to the ſpot. They accordingly climbed up in the night, and found that the guards generally went to ſleep after their rounds. Popham now ordered ladders to be made, but with ſo much ſecrecy, that until the night of ſurprize only myſelf and a few others knew it. On the 3d of Auguſt, in the evening, a party was ordered to be in readineſs to march under the command of Captain William Bruce; and Popham put himſelf at the head of two battalions, which were immediately to follow the ſtorming party. To prevent as much as poſſible any noiſe in approaching or aſcend-

ing

ing the Rock, a kind of ſhoes of woollen cloth were made for the ſepoys, and ſtuffed with cotton. At eleven o'clock the whole detachment marched from the camp at Reypour, eight miles from Gwalior, thro' unfrequented paths, and reached it at a little before day-break. Juſt as Captain Bruce arrived at the foot of the rock, he ſaw the lights which accompanied the rounds moving along the rampart, and heard the ſentinels cough, (the mode of ſignifying that all is well in an Indian camp or garriſon) which might have damped the ſpirit of many men, but ſerved only to inſpire him with more confidence, as the moment for action, that is the interval between the paſſing the rounds, was now aſcertained. Accordingly when the lights were gone, the wooden ladders were placed againſt the rock, and one of the robbers firſt mounted, and returned with an account that the guard was retired to ſleep. Lieutenant Cameron, our engineer, next mounted, and tied a rope-ladder to the battlements of the wall; this kind of ladder being the only one adapted to the purpoſe of ſcaling the wall in a body, (the wooden ones only ſerving to aſcend from crag to crag of the rock, and to aſſiſt in fixing the rope-ladders. When all was ready, Captain Bruce, with twenty ſepoys, grenadiers, aſcended without being diſcovered, and ſquatted down under the parapet; but, before a reinforcement arrived, three of the party had ſo little recollection as to fire on ſome of the garriſon who happened to be lying aſleep near them. This had nearly ruined the whole plan: the garriſon were, of courſe, alarmed, and ran in great numbers towards the place; but, ignorant of the ſtrength of the aſſailants, (as the men fired on had been killed outright (they ſuffered themſelves to be ſtopped by the warm fire kept up by the ſmall party of the grenadiers; until Major Popham himſelf, with a conſiderable reinforcement, came to their aid; the garriſon then retreated to the inner buildings, and diſcharged a few rockets, but ſoon afterwards retreated precipitately through the gate; whilſt the principal officers thus deſerted, aſſembled together in one houſe, and hung out a flag. Major Popham ſent an officer to give them aſſurance of quarter and protection; and thus, in the ſpace of two hours, this important and aſtoniſhing fortreſs was completely in our poſſeſſion; we had only twenty men wounded, and one killed. On the ſide of the enemy, Bapogee the Governor was killed, and moſt of the principal officers wounded.

Thus fell the ſtrongeſt fortreſs in Hindoſtan, garriſoned by a choſen body of twelve hundred men, on Auguſt 4, 1780; and which, before the capture of it by the Engliſh, was pronounced by the Princes of Hindoſtan, as far as their knowledge in the military art extended, to be impregnable. In the year 1783 Madajee Scindia beſieged this fortreſs, then poſſeſſed by the Rana of Gohud, with an army of ſeventy thouſand men, and effected the reduction by the treachery of one of the Rana's officers, who formed the plan of admiſſion of a party of Scindia's troops; theſe were immediately ſupported by another party, who attacked an oppoſite quarter, and got admiſſion alſo.

The Firſt View is taken from the North-Weſt in order to ſhew the buildings, but the attack was made at the oppoſite ſide or rather end, as is ſeen in the Second View; for the breadth only of the rock is exhibited in the Firſt View.

EXTRACTS of ORIGINAL LETTERS from Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Mr. WATKINS.

London, Sept. 30, 1721.

PRIOR has had a narrow eſcape by dying; for, if he had lived, he had married a brimſtone bitch, one Beſſy Cox, that keeps an alehouſe in Long Acre. Her huſband died about a month ago; and Prior has left his eſtate between his ſervant Jonathan Dean and Beſſy Cox. Lewis got drunk with punch with Beſs night before laſt. Don't ſay where you had this news of Prior. I hope all my Miſtreſs's Miniſters will not behave themſelves ſo.

London, Oct. 10. 1721.

THERE is great care taken, now it is too late, to keep Prior's will ſecret, for it is thought not to be too reputable for Lord Harley to execute this will. Be ſo kind as to ſay nothing whence you had your intelligence. We are to have a bowl of punch at Beſſy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that ſhe was his Emma; ſhe owned, Flanders Jane was his Cloe. I know no ſecurity from theſe dotages in bachelors, but to repent of their miſ-ſpent time, and marry with all ſpeed. Pray tell your fellow-traveller ſo.

To

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE death of a nobleman which has lately happened, who did no leſs honour to his country than to the diſtinguiſhed claſs to which he belonged, ſeems to have been unaccountably paſſed over with hardly any obſervation: even the notice of his departure was not announced in the newſpapers until a month after the event took place. I know not to what cauſe to aſcribe this inattention; for ſurely, the Earl of Kinnoul deſerved more reſpect. Perhaps you will allow a new correſpondent a place in your Magazine for the following performance, which he has every reaſon to believe the production of this nobleman.

THOMAS Earl of Kinnoul, and Lord Hay, was born in 1710. In his father's lifetime he ſerved in parliament for the town of Cambridge, for which place he was choſen in 1741, 1747, and 1754; and in the two laſt was chairman of the committee of privileges and elections. In May 1741, he was appointed one of the commiſſioners of the revenue in Ireland, and in Nov. 1746, commiſſioner of trade and plantations. In 1754, he was conſtituted one of the lords of the treaſury; and in 1755, joint paymaſter-general of his Majeſty's land-forces. On Jan. 24, 1758, he was named chancellor of the dutchy and county-palatine of Lancaſter; and on the 27th, was ſworn a member of the privy-council. In the ſame month he was alſo choſen recorder of Cambridge; and on Nov. 27, 1759, was nominated ambaſſador-extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the court of Portugal, from whence he returned to England in November the year following. When the preſent King aſcended the throne, his Lordſhip continued his office of chancellor of the dutchy; but reſigned it in Dec. 1762. Since that period he lived retired, and died on 27th Nov. 1787.

I am, &c.

Edinburgh, Jan. 10, 1788. CALEDONICUS.

HINTS FOR REGULATING MR. H. HOPE's STUDIES,

BY THE LATE EARL OF KINNOUL.

MR. GILLIER's ſenſible plan for Mr. Hope's education, ſhews a reach of thought and extent of knowledge.

I agree with Mr. Gillier, that before Mr. Hope ſtudies the civil law, he ſhould be acquainted with the Roman hiſtory.

For this purpoſe he may read Livy, Salluſt, Hooke's Roman Hiſtory; then Middleton's Life of Cicero, with Cicero's Letters, in the order of time as there quoted.

If he ſhould chooſe to read at the ſame time any French authors for his improvement in that language, Mably upon the Riſe and Fall of the Romans, or Monteſquieu ſur la Decadence des Romaines, or Vertot's Roman Revolutions, will be entertaining and inſtructive.

For Roman antiquities, Mr. Hope may read either Kennet's Roman Antiquities in Engliſh, or Newport's in Latin.

Heineccius's Antiquities are neceſſary to one who is to ſtudy civil law, but they ſhould be read with the Inſtitutes, as will hereafter be mentioned.

If Mr. Hope, for his amuſement or improvement in the Latin language, ſhould read ſome of the Latin claſſics, he may by conſulting good commentaries learn ſomething of the manners of the Romans from the poets, particularly Horace, Juvenal, and Ovid de Faſtis.

As to the comic writers, Terence is pure and elegant; but Plautus's language is difficult, his meaning often ſo obſcured by a prevailing turn to wit and humour as not to be found out without labour, and his characters are entirely Grecian.

When Mr. Hope is reading the Roman hiſtory, a general and ſuccinct view of the hiſtory of the world, previous to that time, may be uſeful. This may be acquired by reading,

Sleidan de Quatuor Monarchiis,

Boſſuet's Hiſtoire Univerſelle,

The ſhort Hiſtory of Greece printed ſome years ago at Edinburgh.

Mr. Gillier's ſentiments are juſt, that in order to form liberal notions of any ſyſtem in law, the ground-work ſhould be laid in the great foundations of juſtice and equity.

With this view, Mr. Hope, that he may be acquainted with moral philoſo-

phy, and with the principles of the laws of nature and nations, ſhould read,

1ſt, The Engliſh tranſlation of Xenophon's Memorabilia, which comprehends the Socratic philoſophy.

2d, Cicero's philoſophical work, viz. De Officiis, Senectute, Amicitiâ, Legibus, and Tuſculanæ Quæſtiones.

3d, Seneca's Morals.

Theſe will give him a pretty diſtinct notion of the moſt valuable part of heathen morality.

To theſe may be added,

1ſt, Hutchinſon's Moral Philoſophy, or any good modern treatiſe on that ſubject. Then he ſhould read Puffendorf's Devoirs d'Homme et de Citoyen, par Barbeyrac, or Burlemaqui's Droit Naturel.

2d, Monteſquieu's Eſprit des Loix.

The Preſident and Mr. Sollicitor Dundas are clearly of opinion, that Mr. Hope ſhould be thoroughly grounded in the particular ſtudies already ſuggeſted, before he enters upon the ſtudy of the law; and for that reaſon they apprehend, that in his preſent ſituation he cannot think of beginning the Inſtitutes before the winter 1773-4.

When Mr. Hope begins the ſtudy of the civil law, let him be aware at firſt of puſhing further into the ſcience, than merely fixing the definitions and diviſions in his memory.

For that purpoſe, Mr. Sollicitor would recommend doing little more than reading the Inſtitutes itſelf with ſome eaſy commentary. Although Huber and Hopius are not ſo elegant and deep as Vinnius, they are more proper for a young beginner.

Although the Sollicitor diſapproved of going deeply into the ſcience at firſt, he does not mean to diſſuade Mr. Hope from caſting up and peruſing the capital laws in the Corpus Juris, which may be quoted by Huber and Hopius. He does not mean to exclude Heineccius's Inſtitutes, for Heineccius has collected the definitions and diviſions in a very methodical manner.

Heineccius's Antiquities muſt alſo be read at the ſame time, as the titles in both exactly correſpond.

If Mr. Hope reads with attention what is here recommended as the work of one year, he will have laid a good foundation, and will find the ſtudy of the Pandects not only eaſy, but agreeable.

Heineccius on the Pandects, and Voet, which is the moſt practical book, muſt be carefully peruſed from beginning to end. For any young man who deſires to underſtand the civil law in the view of practice, muſt be thoroughly maſter of Voet.

Cujaccius is a book by much too long to be read from beginning to end; but in all queſtions of difficulty, and likewiſe on any intereſting ſubject, recourſe ſhould be had to him as the very beſt of all civilians.

In the courſe of reading the Pandects, Mr. Hope ſhould have much recourſe to the text of the Corpus Juris itſelf, from which he will draw real inſtruction, and more entertainment than from any commentator.

After reading the Inſtitutes and Pandects in the manner above-mentioned, Mr. Hope may conclude with Vinnius upon the Inſtitutes, as containing a clear and elegant ſummary of the principles of the Roman law, and which, if carefully peruſed, will fix them on his memory.

Mr. Gillier in his letter ſeems to think too much time beſtowed upon the ſtudy of the Roman law; but upon re-conſidering that opinion, he will alter it when he reflects that the grand principles of equity, juſtice, and the law of all modern nations are to be found there; and the deviations from the Roman law in any modern country does not ariſe from the diſapprobation of it, but from the manners, circumſtances, and revolutions in that country.

Mr. Hope, after this courſe of the Roman law, may read Beinkeiſtick's excellent Treatiſe upon the Law of Nations, with much pleaſure and inſtruction.

After reading the civil law, before Mr. Hope ſits down to the Scottiſh law, he ſhould be acquainted with the feudal ſyſtem, and ſhould alſo be ſo far maſter of the hiſtory of Scotland, as to retain in his memory all thoſe events which occaſioned any alteration in the conſtitution; for the revolutions in that ſtate give a tinge to the municipal law of any kingdom.

For the feudal ſyſtem, and likewiſe in order to form the connection between ancient and modern hiſtory, Mr. Hope may read,

1ſt, Tacitus, that moſt noble hiſtorian, from whom he will receive much entertainment and inſtruction.

2d, Giannoni's Hiſtory of Naples; and

3d, Robertſon's Hiſtory of Charles V. particularly the Introduction to each, which contain moſt excellent ſummaries of the darker times, and explain the riſe and progreſs of the feudal ſyſtem in a very maſterly manner.

For the Scottiſh hiſtory no better occurs to me than Buchanan's Hiſtory, Drummond of Hauthorden's Hiſtory of the five James's,

James's, and Robertſon's Hiſtory of Scotland.

The hiſtory of other countries may, as Mr. Gillier obſerves, be very uſeful, particularly that of England; but then only ſummaries ſhould be put into Mr. Hope's hands, where good may be found, that he may not be overloaded.

I wiſh I could recommend a compendious Hiſtory of England: Rapin's Abridgement, with his Diſſertation on the Laws of the Anglo-Saxons; and the Letters from a Father to a Son upon the Engliſh Hiſtory may anſwer Mr. Hope's preſent purpoſe.

Dr. Goldſmith has lately publiſhed an Abridgement of the Engliſh Hiſtory; but as I have not read it, I cannot venture to give my opinion about it. Puffendorff's Introduction à l'Hiſtoire de l'Europe ſhould be read.

Of the Hiſtory of France Preſident Henault has made an excellent abridgement; and there has been lately publiſhed on the ſame plan a good one of the Hiſtory of Spain. Necker Sur le Corps Germanique is accounted accurate, and gives the beſt idea of that conſtitution.

The Modern Hiſtory of all Nations previous to the Reformation is obſcure, fabulous, and of little importance. A young man who has learned what is uſeful to be known of the dark times from Giannoni and Robertſon ſhould begin his ſtudy of modern hiſtory at that period.

But as Mr. Hope muſt be content for the preſent with a general ſuperficial knowledge of hiſtory, both ancient and modern, it is not neceſſary now to chalk out an extenſive plan of either.

Theſe hints are calculated to abridge Mr. Hope's ſtudies upon every ſubject, and to bring them within a narrow compaſs, conſiſtent with the preſent diſpoſition of his time, and the avocations which his health requires. Mr. Hope and Mr. Gillier will eaſily diſtinguiſh thoſe books which muſt neceſſarily be read, from thoſe which are recommended to be read, in caſe the time permit, for amuſement, or for improvement in the Latin and French languages.

If Mr. Hope's time ſhould allow for enlarging his ſtudies upon any ſubject, Mr. Gillier may collect from the Archbiſhop of York's inſtruction to Lord Deſkford any books he ſhall think moſt proper.

I agree with Lord Preſident and Lord Hailes, that in law, hiſtory, and indeed all ſciences, it is moſt prejudicial to a young man to overcharge his memory, and to perplex his thoughts with a multiplicity of voluminous books.

All food does not turn to nouriſhment: real knowledge is not acquired by the number of words a man devours, or the pages he turns over, but only by ſuch reading as he thoroughly digeſts and makes his own.

The rules for reading all books with effect and to the beſt advantage are admirably laid down by Mr. Locke, in a ſhort and moſt valuable tract, entitled, *The Conduct of the Human Underſtanding*, printed in his poſthumous works, and reprinted in a ſmall volume by itſelf ſome years ago at Edinburgh. I would recommend to every young man, before he enters upon any courſe of ſtudy, to peruſe with attention and fix in his mind the directions contained in this incomparable treatiſe. It will open his underſtanding, and teach him with the greateſt perſpicuity the nature of aſſent and evidence.

Diſtinct pronunciation, the improvement of the ear, the modulation of the voice, and every thing that tends to render elocution agreeable, harmonious, and grateful, merits peculiar attention.

I agree with Lord Preſident, that with this view ſome paſſages of Cicero's Orations ſhould be read almoſt every day aloud, and alſo ſome paſſages of one of the beſt Engliſh authors. For this purpoſe I would recommend the Select Orations of Demoſthenes by different hands, with Toureil's preface, which is juſtly admired for an elegant, beautiful, and correct ſtile.

I would beg leave to ſuggeſt to Mr. Hope another exerciſe, that appears to me to be of great importance. Whatever be the ſubject of his ſtudy, whether claſſics, hiſtory, ethics, or law, let him either write a ſummary or abſtract of it in Engliſh, or let him chooſe ſome ſubject ariſing out of it, and connected with his reading, and compoſe a diſſertation upon it in Engliſh.

For inſtance, when he reads the claſſical authors, let him abſtract a ſummary of the cuſtoms and manners of the Romans, as they occur in them or their commentators. In reading hiſtory, ancient or modern, various ſubjects will preſent themſelves: where a fact is dubious, he may ſtate the evidence pro and con, together with his own judgment upon it. If an event be complicated, he may enumerate particularly and illuſtrate the ſeveral circumſtances; he may ſtate the ſeveral judgments on both ſides; how far an action was in the whole or in part blameable, or laudable; then give a deciſion, with his reaſons for it. He may inveſtigate the cauſes of any great event or revolution,

and aſſign the grounds of his opinion, why ſuch cauſes produced ſuch effects. Such and many other ſubjects will occur in reading hiſtory, or in ethics, in the law of nature and of nations, or the civil law. A queſtion may be ſettled on any capital point and diſcuſſed. The utility of this exerciſe is obvious; it will digeſt, arrange, and fix in his memory what he reads; it will teach and habituate him to methodize his thoughts, and will improve his ſtile.

Every man by uſe will form a ſtile for himſelf, and therefore great attention and care is neceſſary in the beginning. It has been thought that the beſt models for the Engliſh language may be found in Addiſon's proſe works, in Swift's firſt pieces, particularly that upon the diſſention of Rome and Athens, in that tranſlation of Demoſthenes above-mentioned, and in Middleton's Life of Cicero.

Other excellent ones might be pointed out among the Engliſh ſermons and the late hiſtorians; but thoſe which I have mentioned may ſuffice.

Mr. Hope ſhould peruſe with care, Doctor Lowth, now Biſhop of Oxford, his Eſſay on Engliſh Grammar, and conſult it frequently when he is writing.

Theſe Hints, which were drawn up by Lord Kinnoul, were read by him to Lord Preſident and Mr. Sollicitor Dundas, and approved by them; and they join with Lord Kinnoul in recommending earneſtly to Mr. Hope a particular attention to his elocution, and to the exerciſe of writing Engliſh upon the ſubject of his ſtudies.

The plan for Mr. Hope's ſtudy of civil law was dictated by Mr. Sollicitor Dundas,

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

B O X I N G.

The Conductors of a Periodical Publication ſeem bound to notice the prevailing faſhions as well as follies of the day. In this point of view, the following account of the moſt celebrated Heroes of the noble Science of Defence, as it was ſtyled, of former times, may not be unacceptable to the Readers of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE. Even thoſe who may be indifferent about, or diſapprove the revival of a ſavage practice, may yet find ſome amuſement in the curious phraſeology and ridiculous importance of the following extracts. They are taken from a ſcarce pamphlet, entitled, "A Treatiſe upon the uſeful Science of Defence, connecting the Small and Back Sword, and ſhewing the Affinity between them. Likewiſe endeavouring to weed the Art of thoſe ſuperfluous unmeaning Practices which overrun it, and choak the true Principles, by reducing it to a narrow Compaſs, and ſupporting it by mathematical Proofs. Alſo an Examination into the Performances of the moſt noted Maſters of the Back Sword, who have fought upon the Stage, pointing out their Faults, and allowing their Abilities. With ſome Obſervations upon Boxing, and the Characters of the moſt able Boxers within the Author's Time. By Capt. John Godfrey, 4to. 1747."

CHARACTERS of the BOXERS.

ADVANCE, brave Broughton! Thee I pronounce Captain of the Boxers. As far as I can look back, I think, I ought to open the Characters with him: I know none ſo fit, ſo able to lead up the van. This is giving him the living preference to the reſt; but I hope I have not given any cauſe to ſay, that there has appeared, in any of my characters, a partial tincture. I have throughout conſulted nothing but my unbiaſſed mind, and my heart has known no call but merit. Wherever I have praiſed, I have no deſire of pleaſing; wherever decryed, no fear of offending. Broughton, by his manly merit, has bid the higheſt, therefore has my heart. I really think all will poll with me who poll with the ſame principle. Sure there is ſome ſtanding reaſon for this preference. What can be ſtronger than to ſay, that for ſeventeen or eighteen years he has fought every able Boxer that appeared againſt him, and has never yet been beat*? This being the caſe, we may venture to conclude from it. But not to build alone on this, let us examine farther into his merits. What is it that he wants? Has he not all that others want, and all the beſt can have? Strength equal to what is human, ſkill and judgment

* He was however afterwards beaten by Slack, on April 11, 1750. On this occaſion there was the greateſt number of perſons of diſtinction preſent perhaps ever known, and the greateſt ſums of money betted in favour of Broughton. He was beaten in fourteen minutes.

equal

equal to what can be acquired, undebauched wind, and a bottom † ſpirit, never to pronounce the word ENOUGH. He fights the ſtick as well as moſt men, and underſtands a good deal of the ſmall-ſword. This practice has given him the diſtinction of TIME and MEASURE beyond the reſt. He ſtops as regularly as the ſwords-man, and carries his blows truly in the line; he ſteps not back, diſtruſting of himſelf to ſtop a blow, and piddle in the return, with an arm unaided by his body, producing but a kind of flyflap blows, ſuch as the paſtry-cooks uſe to beat thoſe inſects from their tarts and cheeſecakes. No—Broughton ſteps bold and firmly in; bids a welcome to the coming blow; receives it with his guardian arm; then with a general ſummons of his ſwelling muſcles, and his firm body, ſeconding his arm, and ſupplying it with all its weight, pours the pile-driving force upon his man.

That I may not be thought particular in dwelling too long upon Broughton, I leave him with this aſſertion, that as he, I believe, will ſcarce truſt a battle to a warning age, I never ſhall think he is to be beaten, till I ſee him beat.

About the time I firſt obſerved this promiſing hero upon the ſtage, his chief competitors were Pipes and Gretting. He beat them both (and I thought with eaſe) as often as he fought them.

Pipes was the neateſt boxer I remember. He put in his blows about the face (which he fought at moſt) with ſurpriſing time and judgment. He maintained his battles for many years by his extraordinary ſkill, againſt men of far ſuperior ſtrength. Pipes was but weakly made; his appearance beſpoke activity, but his hand, arm, and body were but ſmall; though by that acquired ſpring of his arm he hit prodigious blows; and I really think that at laſt, when he was beat out of his championſhip, it was more owing to his debauchery than the merit of thoſe who beat him.

Gretting was a ſtrong antagoniſt to Pipes. They contended hard together for ſome time, and were almoſt alternate victors. Gretting had the neareſt way of going to the ſtomach (which is what they call the mark) of any man I knew. He was a moſt artful boxer, ſtronger made than Pipes, and dealt the ſtraiteſt blows. But what made Pipes a match for him, was his rare bottom ſpirit, which would bear a deal of beating; but this, in my mind, Gretting was not ſufficiently furniſhed with; for after he was beat twice together by Pipes, Hammerſmith Jack, a meer ſloven of a Boxer, and every body that fought him afterwards, beat him. I muſt, notwithſtanding, do that juſtice to Gretting's memory, as to own that his debauchery very much contributed to ſpoil a great Boxer; but yet I think he had not the bottom of the other.

Much about this time, there was one Whitaker, who fought the Venetian Gondolier. He was a very ſtrong fellow, but a clumſy Boxer. He had two qualifications very much contributing to help him out. He was very extraordinary for his throwing, and contriving to pitch his weighty body on the fallen man. The other was, that he was a hardy fellow, and would bear a deal of beating. This was the man pitched upon to fight the Venetian. I was at Slaughter's Coffee-houſe when the match was made, by a gentleman of an advanced ſtation: he ſent for Fig to procure a proper man for him; he told him to take care of his man, becauſe it was for a large ſum; and the Venetian was a man of extraordinary ſtrength, and famous for breaking the jaw-bone in boxing. Fig replied, in his rough manner, I do not know, maſter, but he may break one of his own countrymen's jaw-bones with his fiſt; but I will bring him a man, and he ſhall not break his jaw-bone with a ſledge hammer in his hand.

The battle was fought at Fig's amphitheatre, before a ſplendid company, the politeſt houſe of that kind I ever ſaw. While the Gondolier was ſtripping, my heart yearned for my countryman. His arm took up all obſervation; it was ſurpriſingly large, long, and muſcular. He pitched himſelf forward with his right leg, and his arm full extended, and, as Whitaker approached, gave him a blow on the ſide of the head, that knocked him quite off the ſtage, which was remarkable for its height. Whitaker's misfortune in his fall was then the grandeur of the company, on which account they ſuffered no common people in, that uſually ſit on the ground and line the ſtage round. It was then all clear, and Whitaker had nothing to ſtop him but the bottom. There was a general foreign huzza on the ſide of the Venetian, pronouncing our countryman's downfal; but Whitaker took no more time than was required to get up again, when finding his fault in ſtanding out to the length of the

† Our author explains this term in the following manner: "There are two things required to make this BOTTOM, that is, wind and ſpirit, or heart, or wherever you can fix the reſidence of courage. Wind may be greatly brought about by exerciſe and diet; but the ſpirit is the firſt equipment of a Boxer. Without this ſubſtantial thing, both art and ſtrength will avail a man but little.

other's arm, he, with a little ſtoop, ran boldly in beyond the heavy mallet, and with one Engliſh peg in the ſtomach (quite a new thing to foreigners) brought him on his breech. The blow carried too much of the Engliſh rudeneſs for him to bear, and finding himſelf ſo unmannerly uſed, he ſcorned to have any more doings with his ſlovenly fiſt.

So fine a houſe was too engaging to Fig not to court another. He therefore ſtepped up, and told the gentlemen that they might think he had picked out the beſt Man in London on this occaſion; but to convince them to the contrary, he ſaid, that if they would come that day ſe'nnight, he would bring a man who ſhould beat this Whitaker in ten minutes, by fair hitting. This brought very near as great and fine a company as the week before. The man was Nathaniel Peartree, who knowing the other's bottom, and his deadly way of ſlinging, took a moſt judicious method to beat him.—Let his character come in here.—He was a moſt admirable Boxer, and I do not know one he was not a match for, before he loſt his finger. He was famous, like Pipes, for fighting at the face, but ſtronger in his blows. He knew Whitaker's hardineſs, and doubting of his being able to give him beating enough, cunningly determined to fight at his eyes. His judgment carried in his arm ſo well, that in about ſix minutes both Whitaker's eyes were ſhut up; when groping about a while for his man, and finding him not, he wiſely gave out, with theſe odd words, Damme, I am not beat, but what ſignifies my fighting when I cannot ſee my man?

We will now come to times a little freſher, and of later date.

George Taylor *, known by the name of George the Barber, ſprang up ſurpriſingly. He has beat all the chief Boxers but Broughton. He, I think, injudiciouſly fought him one of the firſt, and was obliged very ſoon to give out. Doubtleſs it was a wrong ſtep in him to commence a Boxer, by fighting the ſtanding Champion: for George was not then twenty, and Broughton was in the zenith of his age and art. Since that he has greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf with others, but has never engaged Broughton more. He is a ſtrong able Boxer, who with a ſkill extraordinary, aided by his knowledge of the ſmall and back-ſword, and a remarkable judgement in the croſs-buttock fall, may conteſt with any. But, pleaſe or diſpleaſe, I am reſolved to be ingenuous in my characters. Therefore I am of the opinion, that he is not over-ſtocked with that neceſſary ingredient of a Boxer, called a Bottom; and am apt to ſuſpect, that blows of equal ſtrength with his, too much affect him and diſconcert his conduct.

Before I leave him, let me do him this juſtice to ſay, that if he were unqueſtionable in his bottom, he would be a match for any man.

It will not be improper, after George the Barber, to introduce one Boſwell, a man who wants nothing but courage to qualify him for a compleat Boxer. He has a particular blow with his left hand at the jaw, which comes almoſt as hard as a little horſe kicks. Praiſe be to his power of fighting, his excellent choice of TIME and MEASURE, his ſuperior judgement, diſpatching forth his executing arm! But fye upon his daſtard heart, that marrs it all! As I knew that fellow's abilities, and his worm-dread ſoul, I never ſaw him beat, but I wiſhed him to be beaten. Though I am charmed with the idea of his power and manner of fighting, I am ſick at the thoughts of his nurſe-wanting courage. Farewel to him, with this fair acknowledgement, that if he had a true ENGLISH bottom (the beſt fitting epithet for a man of ſpirit) he would carry all before him, and be a match for even Broughton himſelf.

I will name two men together, whom I take to be the beſt bottom men of the modern Boxers; and they are Smallwood, and George Stevenſon, the coachman. I ſaw the

* This man died Feb. 21, 1750, and the following Epitaph is on his tomb-ſtone in Deptford church-yard:

Farewel, ye honours of my brow!
Victorious wreaths, farewel!
One trip from Death has laid me low,
By whom ſuch numbers fell!

Yet bravely I'll diſpute the prize,
Nor yield, tho' out of breath!
'Tis but a fall! I yet ſhall riſe,
And conquer—even DEATH!

The newſpapers of the time take notice of a battle fought between Taylor and Slack, the 9th of January 1749-50, at Broughton's Amphitheatre, which held 25 minutes, when Taylor with ſome difficulty beat his antagoniſt.

latter

latter fight Broughton for forty minutes. Broughton I knew to be ill at that time; beſides, it was a hatty-made match, and he had not that regard for his preparation as he afterwards found he ſhould have had. But here his true bottom was proved, and his conduct ſhone. They fought in one of the fair-booths at Tottenham Court, railed at the end towards the pit. After about thirty-five minutes, being both againſt the rails, and ſcrambling for a fall, Broughton got ſuch a lock upon him, as no mathematician could have deviſed a better. There he held him by this artificial lock, depriving him of all power of riſing or falling, till reſting his head for about three or four minutes on his back, he found himſelf recovering; then looſed the hold, and on ſetting-to again, he hit the coachman as hard a blow as any he had given him in the whole battle, that he could no longer ſtand; and his brave contending heart, though with reluctance, was forced to yield. The coachman is a moſt beautiful hitter; he put in his blows faſter than Broughton, but then one of the latter's told for three of the former's. Pity—ſo much ſpirit ſhould not inhabit a ſtronger body!

Smallwood is thorough game, with judgement equal to any, and ſuperior to moſt. I know nothing Smallwood wants but weight, to ſtand againſt any man; and I never knew him beaten ſince his fighting Dimmock (which was in his infancy of Boxing, and when he was a perfect ſtripling in years) but by a force ſo ſuperior, that to have reſiſted longer would not have been courage but madneſs. If I were to chooſe a Boxer for my money, and could but purchaſe him ſtrength equal to his reſolution, Smallwood ſhould be the man.

James I proclaim a moſt charming Boxer. He is delicate in his blows, and has a wriſt as delightful to thoſe who ſee him fight, as it is ſickly to thoſe who fight againſt him. I acknowledge him to have the beſt ſpring of the arm of all the modern Boxers; he is a compleat maſter of the art; and, as I do not know he wants a bottom, I think it a great pity he ſhould be beat for want of ſtrength to ſtand his man.

I have now gone through the characters of the moſt noted Boxers, and finiſhed my whole work. As I could not praiſe all in every article, I muſt offend ſome; but if I do not go to-bed till every body is pleaſed, my head will ach as bad as Sir Roger's. I declare that I have not had the leaſt thought of offending throughout the whole treatiſe, and therefore this declaration ſhall be my quiet draught.

'Let me conclude with a general call to the true Britiſh Spirit, which, like pureſt gold, has no alloy. How readily would I encourage it, through the moſt threatening dangers, or fevereſt pains, or pledge of life itſelf! Let us imitate the glorious example we enjoy, in the ſaving Offſpring of our King, and bleſſed Guardian of our Country. Him let us follow with our keen ſwords, and warm glowing hearts, in defence of our juſt cauſe, and preſervation of Britain's honour.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION of WINTER, as it appears in HINDOSTAN.

SIR,

INNUMERABLE tranſlations from the Perſian have been given to the world, ſome of them aſſuming the title of paraphraſes, from their being deſtitute of the remoteſt analogy in ſenſe or ſimilarity of expreſſion with the original. But I have ſeen none which could convey to an Engliſh reader any idea of the common figurative ſtyle of their authors, which prevails in far the greateſt part of their compoſitions, and from which our tranſlators ſhrink, terrified at the appearance of mutilated periods, redundant circumlocutions, and crouds of metaphors heaped together without art or connection. You will perceive by this time, Mr. Editor, that the above is meant to ſerve as an apology for all thoſe faults in what I now ſubmit to your inſpection, and which you will lay before the public, if you think it deſerves it.

The following, which has only the merit of being a literal tranſlation, is preſented to the public, as a ſpecimen of the kind of compoſition, termed by the Perſians COLOURED EXPRESSION, which name it has acquired from the multitude of epithets, of metaphors, and other oriental embelliſhments with which it is interſperſed. Theſe are ſo foreign to the genius of the Engliſh language, that every tranſlation in which they are preſerved, muſt inevitably have an appearance of extreme gaucheté. But that I may, in ſome meaſure, compenſate the ſtyle, I have choſen a deſcription of winter, which cannot fail to have ſomething particular, from the pen of a writer who never ſaw its ſeverities diſplayed on any other ſcene than Hindoſtan. The reader, then, will not expect to ſee her advance 'ſullen, and ſad, with all her riſing train,

train, vapours, and clouds, and ſtorms,' but under an aſpect more gentle and conciliating.

I am, Sir, &c.

PERSIUS.

ALREADY a change was apparent in the ſeaſon, and ſymptoms of mutability became evident in the conſtitution of the times. The mighty king of the ſtars, forſaking the ſcale * of juſtice, laid violent hands on the ſheaf, which injuſtice curtailed the career of day, and lengthened the broad veil of darkneſs. The troops of harveſt, who had long waited for this event in the ambuſcade of expectation, now leaped from their concealment, with a deſign of pillaging the four inhabited quarters of the globe; and advancing on the plain of the univerſe, began to extend the hand of rapacity: the coldneſs of their charity froze juſtice; whilſt they began their attack, by laying ſiege to orchards and gardens, diveſting them compleatly of their leaves and muſical notes. The earth and its inhabitants, from a dread of their ſwift and warlike courſers, began to ſhiver like the trembling aſpin; whilſt others, like foxes, becoming enamoured of furs, ſhut themſelves up in their ſecluded apartments, and obſerved the external deſolation from the roots of their ſecurity. The cluſters of grapes which have eſcaped the perſecution of the jackalls, now offer thankſgiving in the cell of humility; whilſt that vagrant fluid, which formerly aſpired to circumnavigate the globe, now baniſhing the fantaſtic idea of travelling, remains contentedly in its place: and that wind, which uſed to ſport in the ſmooth expanſe of the ocean, being ſeized with a violent panic, in its flight overſet huge rocks. The trees, as naked as if juſt come to reſurrection, and ſtripped of their leaves and buds, extend their imploring arms to heaven. The nightingales fly from the garden to complain of the ſun's elopement, leaving the ravens in poſſeſſion of the orchards; and the ſheet of the earth, in expectation of being imprinted with vernal productions, becomes whiter than the cheek of the jeſſamine. The lowly inhabitants of the field, chid by the raging blaſt, have fled on the road of annihilation; the roſe and the tulip, leaving their deſerted habitations to the owl, fall victims to the gloomy Di †, and the furious Behmen their beautiful ornaments torn in ten thouſand pieces: the ſtately cypreſs, which had long reigned in the metropolis of vegetation, is pulled from the throne of dominion; the lily, riſing on its unbending ſtalk, was diveſted of its foliage, by theſe worſe than Tartarian invaders, and thrown proſtrate in the cell of deſtruction. Neither did the fragrant locks of the hyacinth, nor the plaited treſſes of the honey-ſuckle, preſerve them from the ruthleſs foe; whilſt the roſe-buds, juſt opening to the day, expired with terror at the diſmal ſhrieks of Di's oppreſſive ſquadrons, and their crimſon remnants were ſcattered on every ſide.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE account of the differences ſubſiſting in Trinity College, as given in your two laſt Magazines, being principally extracted from the affidavits on each ſide, muſt of courſe be admitted by both parties as true. To the general ſtatement no objection can fairly be made, and yet ſome circumſtances may not be ſufficiently explained. One omiſſion there is which, though it has ariſen from a partial knowledge of the ſubject, and not from any wiſh to ſuppreſs the truth, ought not to paſs unnoticed. It is trifling as to the merits of the cauſe; but it may poſſibly injure the reputation of an individual. After ſtating that Mr. Popple had waited upon the Maſter, and applied to him for a copy of the cenſure, it is obſerved in a Note, that the Maſter in *his* affidavit ſays, "that with reſpect to this application he underſtood Mr. Popple's viſit to have been in conſequence of an offer which had been made to him to take charge of his ſon's education. That on this occaſion ſome converſation might paſs concerning the refuſal of a copy of the ſentence; yet he did not recollect any direct requiſition of ſuch copy being made. The mention of a ſingle fact omitted in both the affidavits will reconcile this ſeeming contradiction. Mr. Popple waited *twice* on the Maſter; once, in the interval between preſenting the Memorial and paſſing the Cenſure, to decline the tuition of his Lordſhip's ſon, as incompatible with his ſituation. The other time was, as related in your Magazine, and purpoſely, as Mr. Popple was heard to ſay, both before and after this viſit, to make the application alluded to; and which application he certainly muſt have made, becauſe it was his *only* reaſon for his waiting on the Maſter. At the firſt interview nothing was ſaid of the Memorial; at the ſecond, nothing on the ſubject of education.

* Alluding to the ſun's quitting Libra, and entering the ſign Virgo; by the Arabs denominated the ſheaf.

† Di and Behmen give their names to two of the winter months.

THE

THE LONDON REVIEW AND LITERARY JOURNAL,

FOR JANUARY, 1788.

Quid fit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

Obſervations relative to Picturesque Beauty; made in the Year 1772, on ſeveral Parts of England; particularly the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Weſtmoreland. By William Gilpin, M. A. Prebendary of Saliſbury, and Vicar of Boldre in New Foreſt, near Lymington. 2 Vols. 8vo. Blamire. 1786. With Plates. 1l. 11s. 6d. in Boards.

A WORK which has lain for ſometime in manuſcript ſeldom fails, if publiſhed, of being well received. If worthleſs, it is ſuppreſſed: if valuable, the writer's *partialities* being weakened by time, and his judgment ſtrengthened in proportion, his work undergoes due reviſion and correction.

Thoughts thrown together for a man's own amuſement, or for the amuſement of a few friends, has an advantage over a work which is written intentionally for publication. The former enjoys a *freedom* which the latter in general is a ſtranger to. The *licences* of a PRIVATE MANUSCRIPT require alone, to be done away in publication.

The work before us was written for *private* amuſement in the year 1772, and was *publiſhed* in 1786; lying in manuſcript an interval of fourteen years; during which time it was read and improved by the author and his friends; and at length prepared (with it ſhould ſeem no ſmall care) for publication. It has therefore had the requiſite advantages of a literary work; and its merit is ſuch as few literary works can claim: not merely, however, through the circumſtances attending its compoſition and publication, but chiefly owing to a peculiar ſtyle of thinking, and a happy mode of expreſſion, which this author may claim as his own. In point of originality, as writers in the Engliſh language, STERNE and GILPIN fall within the ſame claſs.

In a *preface* we are told, that "the Obſervations before us were at firſt thrown together, WARM FROM THE SUBJECT, each evening after the ſcene of the day had been preſented; and in a moment of more leiſure, were corrected, and put into form—but merely for the amuſement of the writer himſelf; who had not, in truth, at that time, the leaſt idea of their being able to furniſh amuſement to any body elſe. A few only of his friends ſaw them. One of them, however, ſaw them with ſo partial an eye, that he thought proper to mention them to the public *. This raiſed the curioſity of many; and laid the author under the neceſſity of producing his papers to a wider circle; but ſtill without any deſign of publiſhing them. A ſenſe of their imperfections, and of the many difficulties in which ſuch a work would engage him, prevented any intention of that kind.

"Among others, who deſired to ſee them, was the late ducheſs dowager of Portland; a lady, of whoſe ſuperior character the world is well informed. Having ſeen them ſoon after they were written, and a ſecond time after an interval of ſeven or eight years, her Grace preſſed the author to print them; moſt obligingly offering to facilitate an expenſive publication by contributing largely to a ſubſcription. Though the author choſe to de-

* Maſon's Memoirs of Gray, p. 377.

cline that mode of publication, yet the duchess's perſuaſion was among his principal inducements to prepare his papers for the public. The preſs-work was about half completed at the time of her Grace's death.

"But though this work has been thus flattered; and hath received conſiderable improvements, both from the author himſelf, during the many years it has lain by him, and from ſeveral of his ingenious friends; yet ſtill he offers it to the public with apprehenſion."

His *firſt* apprehenſion is, that the time which he had to employ in making obſervations on the ſeveral landſcapes he has deſcribed was inadequate. His *ſecond* proceeds from the changes which take place in ſcenery, even the wildeſt, from the growth and deſtruction of timber and other cauſes. The *third* ground of the author's apprehenſion is, that he may be thought too ſevere in his ſtrictures on *ſcenes of art*. This has led him to conſider ſome general principles of ARTIFICIAL ORNAMENT. "A houſe," he ſays, "is an *artificial* object; and the ſcenery around it *muſt*, in ſome degree, partake of *art*. Propriety requires it: convenience demands it. But if it partake of *art*, as allied to the *manſion*; it ſhould alſo partake of *nature*, as allied to the *country*."—"If the ſcene be large, it throws off art, by degrees, the more it recedes from the manſion, and approaches the country."

Theſe principles are juſt, but they are not *new*. We do not mean to accuſe Mr. Gilpin of plagiary; but we have met with a paſſage, in a work on Ornamental Gardening and Planting, publiſhed by Dodſley in 1785*, ſo very ſimilar to theſe which we have here quoted, that we muſt at leaſt infer, when two men ſtudy the ſame ſubject from nature, and think and write with freedom, their ideas and mode of expreſſion will be ſimilar †.

A *fourth* apprehenſion of the author is, that he has wrought up ſome of the deſcriptions higher than the ſimplicity of proſaic language will allow. But he ſays, "It is the aim of *pictureſque deſcription* to bring the images of nature as forcibly, and as cloſely to the eye, as it can; and this muſt often be done by high colouring, which this ſpecies of compoſition demands. By *high-colouring* is not meant *a ſtring of rapturous epithets* (which is the feebleſt mode of deſcription) but an attempt to analize the views of nature—to open their ſeveral parts, in order to ſhew the effect of a whole—to mark their tints and varied lights—and to expreſs all this detail in terms as appropriate, and yet as vivid as poſſible." Our author's execution is fully equal to his deſign. He has, as it were, invented a new language for the occaſion: and one which is ſingularly well adapted to it; glowing, yet chaſte. Now and then, however, we meet with an expreſſion which is not quite clear to our comprehenſion. Thus, ſpeaking of the Engliſh oak (vol. I. p. 9.) he ſays, "The oak is the nobleſt ornament of the foreground, ſpreading from ſide to ſide its tortuous branches, and foliage, *rich*" perhaps "*with ſome autumnal tint.*" Again (in vol. II. p. 60.) deſcribing a remarkable echo. "It firſt rolls over the head in one vaſt peal. Then ſubſiding a few ſeconds, it riſes again in a grand, interrupted burſt, perhaps on the right.—Another ſolemn pauſe enſues. Then the ſound ariſes again on the left. Thus thrown from rock to rock, in a ſort of *aerial perſpective*, it is caught again perhaps by ſome nearer promontory; and returning full on the ear, ſurpriſes you, after you thought all had been over, with as great a peal as at firſt." Throwing echo into perſpective is, we think, rather *fanciful* than *philoſophical*. In ſome of the deſcriptions, notwithſtanding the author's guardedneſs, *epithets* have crept in abundantly ‡. But theſe blemiſhes, if they be really ſuch, are few and ſmall in compariſon with the beauties with which theſe two volumes are ſtrongly characteriſed.

* For a Review of this publication ſee European Magazine, vol. IX. p. 23.

† The paſſage alluded to is this: "The manſion ought to be conſidered as the centre of the ſyſtem; and the rays of art, like thoſe of the ſun, ſhould grow fainter as they recede from the centre. The houſe itſelf being entirely a work of art, its immediate environs ſhould be highly finiſhed; but as the diſtance increaſes the appearance of deſign ſhould gradually diminiſh, until nature and fortuitouſneſs have full poſſeſſion of the ſcene." *Planting and Orn. Gard.* p. 606.

‡ Were we inclined to cavil at *words*, it would be with *ſcarce* for ſcarcely—*it's* for its—*And indeed*—a ſpecies of tautology, with which almoſt every page is more or leſs ſullied.

Fifthly

Fifthly, the author fears he may be called on to apologize for the many *digreſſions* he has made. Theſe digreſſions are partly *didactic*, and in part *hiſtorical*:—They are numerous, and ſometimes long; but ſeldom tedious, moſtly intereſting.

Laſtly, the author is apprehenſive leſt any one ſhould be ſo ſevere as to think his work inconſiſtent with the profeſſion of a *clergyman*. This we conceive to be a falſe fear; as we allow, with Mr. Gilpin, that the amuſements of the three fiſter-arts are all conſiſtent with the clerical profeſſion. "The only danger," as Mr. G. well obſerves, "is, leſt the *amuſement*—the faſcinating amuſement—ſhould preſs on improperly, and interfere too much with the *employment*."

Our author now paſſes on to the *plates* which accompany theſe volumes; and which raiſe its price to an extravagant height. They are of two kinds: one to illuſtrate and explain pictureſque ideas; the other to characterize the countries through which the reader is carried.

To the *profeſſion* theſe plates may be highly acceptable; but by the generality of readers, we fear, they are conſidered as droſs, for which they are paying the price of pure metal. An edition of theſe volumes, together with Mr. G.'s Obſervations on the Wye, &c.—*without the plates*—would, we will venture to ſay, be ſingularly acceptable to the public.

Having laid down ſome general principles of landſcape, our author ſays, he "means not, however, to offer the *portraits* and *illuſtrations* he hath here given, as perfect examples of the principles he hath laid down. It is a difficult matter for any artiſt (at leaſt, who does not claim as a profeſſional man) to reach his own ideas. What he repreſents will ever fall ſhort of what he imagines. With regard to *figures* particularly, the author wiſhes to premiſe, that the rules laid down in the beginning of the ſecond volume (p. 43, &c.) are here little obſerved. Thoſe remarks were chiefly intended for works in a larger ſtyle. Figures on ſo ſmall a ſcale as theſe, are not capable of receiving character. They are at beſt only what he calls *pictureſque appendages*.

"Beſides, the repreſentations here given have again ſuſtained a loſs *by going through a tranſlation in ſo rough and unmanageable a language as that of braſs and aquafortis*." Who but Mr. Gilpin would have expreſſed the ſame idea in nearly the ſame language?

Thus far the Preface. We now enter upon the body of the work; but not yet upon the *tour*. The firſt ſection is appropriated to a general view of England as a pictureſque country; which view having been already inſerted in vol. XI. we ſhall proceed to the TOUR; through which we have accompanied our intelligent and entertaining guide with ſingular ſatisfaction; and wiſh we could, within the limits of our plan, convey to our readers an adequate idea of the charming ſights we have ſeen. This, however, is impoſſible. All we can do is to ſelect a few paſſages, and thereby give ſome idea of Mr. Gilpin's language and power of deſcription. In doing this we will run over the volumes progreſſively; marking the more noticeable paſſages as they occur.

Remarking on the LIGHT AND SHADE OF MOUNTAINS, Mr. G. ſays, "It is an agreeable amuſement to attend theſe vaſt ſhadows in their ſlow, and ſolemn march over the mountains—to obſerve, how the morning ſun ſheds only a faint catching light upon the ſummits of the hills, through one general maſs of hazy ſhade—in a few hours how all this confuſion is diſſipated—how the lights and ſhades begin to break, and ſeparate, and take their form and breadth—how deep and determined the ſhadows are at noon—how fugitive and uncertain as the ſun declines, till it's fires, glowing in the weſt, light up a new radiance through the landſcape; and ſpread over it, inſtead of ſober light and ſhade, all the colours of nature, in one bright, momentary gleam.

"It is equally amuſing to obſerve the various ſhapes which mountains aſſume through all this variety of illumination; rocks, knolls, and promontories, taking new forms; appearing and diſappearing as the ſun veers round; whoſe radiance, like varniſh on a picture (if I may uſe a degrading compariſon) *brings out* a thouſand objects unobſerved before."

In deſcribing the effect of TEMPEST ON LAKE SCENERY, our author exhibits a ſpecimen of his *higheſt ſtyle of colouring*.

"In the midſt of the tempeſt, if a bright ſun-beam ſhould ſuddenly break out; and in Shakeſpear's language, *light up the ſtorm*, the ſcenery of an agitated lake, thus ſitted by the powers of contraſt, affects both the *imagination* and the *eye*, in a ſtill greater degree.—Some broad mountain-ſide, catching a maſs of light, produces an aſtoniſhing effect amidſt

leaden gloom which ſurrounds it. Perhaps a ſunbeam, half ſuffuſed in vapour, darting between two mountains, may ſtretch along the water in a lengthened gleam, juſt as the ſkiff paſſes to receive the light upon it's ſwelling ſail: while the ſea-gull, wheeling along the ſtorm, turns its ſilver ſide, ſtrongly illumined, againſt the boſom of ſome lurid cloud; and by that ſingle touch of oppoſition gives double darkneſs to the riſing tempeſt.

Speaking of the RIVER DERWENT, Mr. Gilpin obſerves, "I cannot help remarking the ſingular character of this mountain-ſtream. There is not perhaps a river in England which paſſes through ſuch a variety of different ſcenes. What wild, romantic channel it ſhapes, before it enter the vale of Borrodale, is to us unknown. There firſt we commenced our acquaintance with it. It's paſſage through that mountain chaſm, is marked with objects, not only great in themſelves, but rarely to be found elſewhere in ſuch intereſting combinations.

"From a mountain-ſtream it ſoon aſſumes a new character, and changes into a lake; where it diſplays the wonders we have juſt ſeen.

"From hence emerging, it again becomes a river: but ſoon forms the lake of Bafſenthwait; of form and dimenſions very different from that of Keſwick.

"Contracting itſelf again into a river, it puts on a character intirely new. Hitherto it has adorned only the wild, rough ſcenes of nature. All theſe it now relinquiſhes—rocks—lakes—and mountains; and enters a ſweet delightful country, where all it's accompaniments are ſoft, and lovely. Among other places it viſits the noble and picturesque ruins of Cockermouth-caſtle; under the walls of which it glides.

"From hence it paſſes to the ſea, which many ſtreams of greater conſequence never meet under their own names; but are abſorbed by larger rivers: while the Derwent, after all the aſtoniſhing ſcenes it has adorned, adds to it's other beauties, thoſe of an eſtuary."

"Among the beautiful APPEARANCES OF FOGS, and miſts, their *gradually going off* may be obſerved. A landſcape takes a variety of pleaſing hues, as it paſſes, in a retiring fog, through the different modes of obſcurity into full ſplendor.

"There is great beauty alſo in a fog's *partially clearing up at once*, as it often does; and preſenting ſome diſtant piece of landſcape under great radiance; when all the ſurrounding parts are ſtill in obſcurity. The curtain is not intirely drawn up; it is only juſt raiſed, to let in ſome beautiful, tranſient view; and perhaps fallen again, while we admire, leaves us that ardent reliſh which we have for pleaſing objects ſuddenly removed.

Mr. Gilpin's remarks on VIEWING PICTURES, are excellent.

"Painting is the *art of deceiving*; and it's great perfection lies in the exerciſe of this art.

"Hence it is that genius and knowledge are as requiſite in ſurveying a picture, as in painting one. The cold, untutored eye, tho it may enjoy the *real* ſcene, (be it hiſtory, landſcape, or what it will) is unmoved at the firſt *repreſentation*. It does not ſee an *exact* reſemblance of what it ſees abroad; and having no internal pencil, if I may ſo ſpeak, to work within, it is utterly unable to *adminiſter* a picture to itſelf. Whereas the learned eye, verſed equally in nature, and art, eaſily compares the picture with it's archetype: and when it finds the characteriſtic touches of nature, the imagination immediately takes fire; and glows with a thouſand beautiful ideas, ſuggeſted only by the canvas. When the canvas therefore is ſo artificially wrought, as to ſuggeſt theſe ideas in the ſtrongeſt manner, the picture is then moſt perfect. This is generally beſt done by little labour, and great knowledge. It is knowledge only, which inſpires that free, that fearleſs, and determined pencil, expreſſive in a ſkilful hand. As to the *minutiæ* of nature, the picturesque eye will generally ſuggeſt them better itſelf, and yet give the artiſt, as he deſerves, the credit of the whole.

"The evening, which grew more tempeſtuous, began to cloſe upon us, as we left the more beautiful parts of the vale of Lorton. We were ſtill about ſix miles from Keſwick; and had before us a very wild country, which probably would have afforded no great amuſement even in full day; but amid the obſcurity which now overſpread the landſcape, the imagination was left at large; and painted many images, which perhaps did not really exiſt, upon the dead colouring of nature. Every great and pleaſing form, whether clear, or obſcure, which we had ſeen during the day, now played in ſtrong imagery before the fancy; as when the grand chorus ceaſes, ideal muſic vibrates in the ear.

"In one part, a view pleaſed us much; though perhaps, in ſtronger light, it might have eſcaped notice. The road made a ſudden dip into a little winding valley; which being too abrupt for a carriage, was eaſed by a bridge: and the form of the arch appeared to be what we commonly find in Roman aqueducts,

aqueducts. The winding road; the woody valley, and broken ground below; the mountain beyond; the form of the bridge, which gave a claſſic air to the ſcene; *and the obſcurity which melted the whole into one harmonious maſs; made all together a very pleaſing view.*

" But it ſoon grew too dark even for the imagination to roam. It was now ten o'clock; and tho' in this northern climate, the twilight of a clear ſummer-evening affords even at that late hour a bright effulgence, yet now all was dark.

——A faint, erroneous ray
Glanced from th' imperfect ſurface of things,
Threw half an image on the ſtraining eye.
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retained
Th' aſcending gleam, were all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld——

" We could juſt diſcern, through the dimneſs of the night, the ſhadowy forms of the mountains, ſometimes blotting out half the ſky, on one ſide; and ſometimes winding round, as a gloomy barrier on the other.

" Often too the road would appear to dive into ſome dark abyſs, a cataract roaring at the bottom: while the mountain-torrents on every ſide ruſhed down the hills in notes of various cadence, as their quantities of water, the declivities of their fall, their diſtances, or the intermiſſion of the blaſt, brought the ſound fuller or fainter to the ear; which organ became now more alert, as the imagination depended rather on it, than on the eye for information.

" Theſe various notes of water-muſic, anſwering each other from hill to hill, were a kind of tranſlation of that paſſage in the Pſalms, in which *the deep* is repreſented *calling another becauſe of the noiſe of the water-pipes.*

" Among other images of the night, a lake (for the lake of Baſſenthwait was now in view) appeared through the uncertainty of the gloom, like ſomething of ambiguous texture, ſpreading a lengthened gleam of wan dead light under the dark ſhade of the incumbent mountains; but whether this light was owing to vapours ariſing from the valley; or whether it was water—and if water, whether it was an arm of the ſea, a lake, or a river—to the uninformed traveller would appear matter of great uncertainty. Whatever it was, it would ſeem ſufficient to alarm his apprehenſions, and to raiſe in his *fancy, (ever in queſt of dangers)* the idea of ſomething that might ſtop his farther progreſs.

Speaking of the village of *Patterdale*, he ſays, " Among the cottages of this village, there is a houſe, belonging to a perſon of ſomewhat better condition; whoſe little eſtate, which he occupies himſelf, lies in the neighbourhood. As his property, inconſiderable as it is, is better than that of any of his neighbours, it has gained him the title of *King of Patterdale*, in which his family name is loſt. His anceſtors have long enjoyed the title before him. We had the honour of ſeeing this prince, as he took the diverſion of fiſhing on the lake; and I could not help thinking, that if I were inclined to envy the ſituation of any potentate in Europe, it would be that of the king of Patterdale. The pride of Windſor and Verſailles would ſhrink in a compariſon with the magnificence of his dominions."

Having deſcribed the component parts of a view of the LAKE OF ULLESWATER, Mr. G. continues: " Such were the outlines, and compoſitions of the view before us; but it's colouring was ſtill more exquiſite.

" The ſun was now deſcending low, and caſt the broad ſhades of evening athwart the landſcape: while his beams, gleaming with yellow luſtre through the vallies, ſpread over the inlightened ſummits of the mountains, a thouſand lovely tints—in ſober harmony, where ſome deep receſs was faintly ſhadowed—in ſplendid hue, where jutting knolls or promontories received the fuller radiance of the diverging ray. The air was ſtill: the lake, one vaſt expanſe of cryſtal mirror. The mountain-ſhadows, which ſometimes give the water a deep, black hue (in many circumſtances, extremely picturеſque) were ſoftened here into a mild, blue tint, which ſwept over half the ſurface. The other half received the fair impreſſion of every radiant form, that glowed around. The inverted landſcape was touched in fainter colours than the real one. Yet it was more than *laid in.* It was almoſt finiſhed. The laſt touches alone were wanting.

" What an admirable ſtudy for the pallet is ſuch a ſcene as this! infinitely beyond the camera's contracted bounds. Here you ſee nature in her full dimenſions. You are let into the very myſtery—into every artifice of her pencil. In the *reflected picture*, you ſee the *ground ſhe lays in*—the great effects preſerved—and that veil of expreſſive obſcurity thrown over all, in which what is done is ſo exquiſitely, that if you wiſh the *finiſhing touches*, you wiſh them only by the ſame imitable hand that gave the ſketch.

Turn

Turn from the ſhadow to the reality, and you have them. There the obſcurity is detailed. The picture and the ſketch reflect mutual graces on each other."

Of a view from HACKFALL, (an appendage of Studley Park in YORKSHIRE) our Author gives the following animated deſcription.

"It is a circumſtance of great advantage, when you are carried to this grand exhibition (as you always ſhould be) through the *cloſe lanes* of the Rippon road. You have not the leaſt intimation of a deſign upon you; nor any ſuggeſtion, that you are on high grounds; till the folding-doors of the building at Mowbray-point being thrown open, you are ſtruck with one of the grandeſt and moſt beautiful burſts of country, that the imagination can form.

"Your eye is firſt carried many fathoms precipitately down a bold, woody ſteep, to the river Ewer, which forms a large ſemi-circular curve below; winding to the very foot of the precipice on which you ſtand. The trees of the precipice over-hang the central part of the curve.

"In other parts too the river is intercepted by woods; but enough of it is diſcovered to leave the eye at no uncertainty in tracing it's courſe. At the two oppoſite points of the curve, two promontories ſhoot into the river, in contraſt with each other; that on the right is woody, faced with rock, and crowned with a caſtle: that on the left, riſes ſmooth from the water, and is ſcattered over with a few clumps. The peninſular part, and the grounds alſo at ſome diſtance beyond the iſthmus, conſiſt of one intire woody ſcene; which advancing boldly to the front of the precipice, unites itſelf with it.

"This woody ſcenery on the banks of the river may be called the firſt diſtance. Beyond this lies a rich, extenſive country—broken into large parts—decorated with all the objects, and diverſified with all the tints of diſtant landſcape—retiring from the eye ſcene after ſcene—till at length every vivid hue fading gradually away, and all diſtinction of parts being loſt, the country imperceptibly melts into the horizon; except in ſome parts, where the blue hills of Hambledon cloſe the view.

"Through the whole extent of this grand ſcene—this delightful gradation of light and colours—*nature has wrought with her broadeſt and freeſt pencil.* The parts are ample: the compoſition perfectly correct. She hath admitted nothing diſguſting, or even trivial. I ſcarce remember any where an extenſive view ſo full of beauties, and ſo free from faults. The fore-ground is as pleaſing as the back-ground; which it never can be, when plots of cultivation approach the eye: and it is rare to find ſo large an extent of near-ground covered by wood, or other ſurface, whoſe parts are alike grand, and beautiful."

Proſpects on the Rubicon: or, an Inveſtigation into the Cauſes and Conſequences of the Politics to be agitated at the Meeting of Parliament. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Debrett.

NOTWITHSTANDING the claſſical alluſion in the title, we have not often peruſed a work with leſs pretenſion to claſſicality in expreſſion, candor in manner, or judgment in matter, than this gloomy pamphlet. The Author is, we underſtand, a Mr. Payne, heretofore celebrated for his work entitled Common Senſe, which was publiſhed early in the unfortunate American conteſt. He appears to us a moody diſcontented ſpirit, ever boding evil and ruinous misfortune, and labours with all his ability to perſuade the Nation that her final deſtruction is juſt at hand. But we have heard too much of this ſenſeleſs croaking for many years, to boaſt this day the dupes of it; and, notwithſtanding the good-natured prophecy of Mr. Payne, we do not deſpair but England may yet ſurvive even to, what he ſeems to think ſhe will never reach, the end of the year 1788.

It is much eaſier to pull down than to build.—A labourer with a mattock may demoliſh a palace, but it requires an Inigo Jones to erect a Whitehall.—Mr. Payne wields his pickaxe in a deſperate manner indeed. "The Miniſter is a young miniſter, fond of himſelf and deficient in experience." "The management of Lord Chatham muſt have been bad indeed, to have done leſs in the war of 1763 than he did, conſidering the force and money employed; beſides, he took the French ſeamen in multitudes before the declaration of war, which was very unfair, *becauſe it was like a man adminiſtering a diſabling doſe over-night to the perſon whom he intends to challenge in the morning.*" This is one of the flowers of rhetoric of which there is an infinite number through the work; in ſhort, no matter what is the ſubject, Mr. Payne is ſtill one of thoſe unfortunate Gents that *would not have it ſo.*

The

The Author appears to labour under a kind of *Taxophobia*: Taxes, Taxes, nothing but Taxes, is his cry. "A Tax is to be laid on ſhoes and boots, for the ſervice of the Stadtholder of Holland: this will undoubtedly do honor to the nation by verifying the old Engliſh proverb, *Over ſhoes, over boots.*" If a Tax were laid upon all blundering politicians and miſerable pamphleteers, poor Mr. Payne might with juſtice raiſe his outcry; but we apprehend, that while meaſures are carried on with the deciſion and energy, and the conſequent ſucceſs to which we have lately been witneſs, our countrymen will not murmur at purchaſing an addition of honor and much-wanted reſpectability, even at the expence of accumulated taxation.

But what becomes of the prophetic wiſdom of this diſcontented ſpeculiſt, when we have ſeen the dignity of Great Britain aſſerted, the peace of Holland reſtored, the friendſhip of Ruſſia and Pruſſia ſecured, the pride of France humbled to the duſt, and all this without a ſixpence of additional taxes? Mr. Payne may, it appears, ſtill wear his ſhoes in peace, undiſturbed by the terror of a three-penny ſtamp, notwithſtanding that the Miniſter is a young Miniſter, and England a deſperate and a ruined nation.

But it is not to our pockets only that this Genius in politics appeals; he mounts the ſlack-rope of ſentiment, and exhibits at a moſt prodigious rate.

"Ye gentle Graces, if any ſuch there be, who preſide over human actions, how muſt ye weep at the viciouſneſs of man.

When we conſider, for the feelings of Nature cannot be diſmiſſed, the calamities of war, and the miſeries it inflicts upon the human ſpecies, the thouſands and tens of thouſands of every age and ſex who are rendered wretched by the event, ſurely there is ſomething in the heart of man that calls upon him to think! Surely there is ſome tender cord, tuned by the hand of its Creator, that ſtill ſtruggles to emit in the hearing of the ſoul a note of ſorrowing ſympathy. Let it then be heard, and let them too feel, that the true greatneſs of a nation is founded on principles of humanity; and that to avoid a war when her own exiſtence is not endangered, and wherein the happineſs of man muſt be wantonly ſacrificed, is a higher principle of true honour than madly to engage in it."

After this pathetic effuſion of philanthropic wiſdom, we hope, that henceforward Contention ſhall be dumb, grim-viſaged War ſhall ſmooth his wrinkled front, our ſwords be hammered into ploughſhares, what gunpowder is now in the kingdom be only uſed to blow up the mills, and one univerſal ſcene of peace and harmony reign over this diſtracted globe; for lo, at the word of this prophetic peace-maker, "Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna." But as this world muſt be peopled by men, and as where there are men there will be diſſenſion, we fear that all this fine writing is thrown away. Let it be therefore our policy to be prepared for the worſt; to face with cool but ſteady reſolution, the threatening brow of our inſidious adverſaries, nor for a pitiful ſaving in the beginning of a conteſt involve ourſelves in the loſs of eventual millions; but above all, let us be cautious of the treacherous advice of oſtenſible friends, who feel for us ſo much more than we do for ourſelves; who "hear a voice we cannot hear," and cry out on every emergency, "There is a Lion in the way, a Lion in the ſtreets." Let us not liſten to the gloomy ſuggeſtions of diſcontented malevolence, even though vented through the reſpectable medium of an eighteen-penny pamphlet, but as an irrefragable demolition of their aſſertions, and more particularly thoſe of our preſent ſubject, look to the fact. Three-fourths of Mr. Payne's pamphlet are ſpent croaking over the national debt of England, and contraſting it with the powerful finances of France; yet a loan of 120,000,000 livres has been open theſe three months in Paris, for which by no exertion can be procured more than 7,000,000. Could that be the caſe in London? and if not, why is the common ſenſe of Engliſhmen to be thus attempted by impudent aſſertion, or deluſive ſophiſtication?

The New Peerage; or, Our Eyes may Deceive us. A Comedy. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Robinſon.

THIS Comedy is the production of Miſs Harriet Lee, ſiſter to Miſs Lee, author of the Chapter of Accidents, the Receſs, and other works of reputation, and by her preſent work ſhe has ſhewn that they are "ſiſters every way:" the plot is extremely intricate indeed, too much ſo for Dramatic repreſentation. A young Nobleman and the ſon of a Banker, on returning from their travels, exchange

change characters. The Banker of courſe obtains a "*New Peerage*," and the Nobleman, by impoſing himſelf as his ſon on the father of his friend, proves that "*Our Eyes may deceive us.*" Such a deception is however in our ſober judgement utterly too improbable. That a father ſhould in a few years ſo far forget the lineaments of his ſon, is very unlikely. That a Peer of Great Britain ſhould be ſo little known, that a ſtranger returning and calling himſelf by his name ſhould deceive all the world, even his very guardian, is ſtill more ſo; yet on theſe impoſſibilities the whole plot turns. The obſervations on life are the obſervations of one who has read more than ſhe has ſeen, and whoſe reading has not been the moſt judiciouſly directed: they favour, as ſome one has obſerved, more of the circulating library than of human nature. The principal characters conſtantly ſuggeſt ſomething to us we have heard or read before; they are elegant but not natural ſketches, and we are frequently able to anticipate their ſentiments and their actions. Novelty in character, Miſs Lee has not, ſave in one inſtance, attempted; we mean old Vandercrab, the Banker, about whom hangs an air of originality which the other perſonages of the Drama are devoid of. The ſentiments are in general well applied; the dialogue ſprightly, poliſhed, and elegant; the wit, what there is of it, *pure*. We mention this, becauſe the pens of female authors are, by ſome ſtrange perverſion, more apt to run riot than thoſe of male ſcribblers; it is therefore to the credit of Miſs Lee's delicacy, that there is not the ſmalleſt ſhadow of impurity or *double entendre* all through her piece. But the charms of diction however poliſhed, or ſentiment however pure, will never in dramatic compoſition compenſate for the abſence of what in the New Peerage we heavily miſs; an accurate diſcrimination of character, and a thorough knowledge of human nature.

The Midnight Hour. A Comedy. Tranſlated by Mrs. Inchbald, from the French of Monſ. Damaniant. 8vo. 1s. Robinſon.

THIS is like all the French *petites pieces*, a lively intricate buſtling Farce. The ſituations are monſtrous, but whimſical; the characters unnatural, but ludicrous. The ſtory, in few words, is, A Marquis wiſhes to carry off the daughter of an old General, who promiſes his conſent to their marriage, provided he can produce the Lady in his cuſtody before twelve at night: the Marquis lays divers plots; the General like a good officer countermines him, but is at laſt outwitted; and before the "Midnight Hour" ſtrikes, the young Lady is happy with her lover.

The dialogue is ſprightly, and rather ſuperior to the ordinary language of Farce; and, on the whole, we think it a piece not deſtitute of merit.

Julia; or, the Italian Lover, a Tragedy, by Robert Jephſon, Eſq. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Dilly.

THIS Gentleman is likewiſe author of The Law of Lombardy, Braganza, Count of Narbonne, and other pieces, which having ſtrutted their hour upon the Stage, now ſleep in peace and are heard no more.

The preſent tragedy is, in our judgement, decidedly a contemptible work, whether we regard character, ſentiment, diction, or contrivance.

For the diction, Mr. Jephſon has, with a confidence more to be admired than imitated, preſumed to emulate the language of Shakeſpeare—and ſo far with ſucceſs, that every one may ſee who was his archetype. It may well be doubted, whether the language of Shakeſpeare be his forte,—Eminently adapted however as it is to his ideas, the ſame phraſeology in Mr. Jephſon is ridiculous.—It is indeed "the armour of a giant in a dwarf's cuſtody."

Here and there occur paſſages intolerably trifling.—In the ſecond act Durazzo comes to viſit his daughter with the following wiſe ſpeech in his mouth.

Dur. "I come, Olympia, to this chamber door,
To learn my deſtiny. As we inquire
From thoſe who wake us, if the ſun looks bright,
Or clouds obſcure him, and then ſuit our garments
To meet the changeful temper of the ſky,
So, by the colour of my daughter's health,
My mind is dreſs'd for gladneſs or dejection."

To

To which the Lady Olympia poetically anſwers,

Oly. " I think, ſhe mends. Her ſorrow, that was ſilent,
Finds ſome relief in utterance. She approaches."

In the fifth act, Julia lamenting that ſhe ſhould be the cauſe of ſuch vexation to her friends exclaims,

Julia. " Moſt brave, moſt generous, and by me undone!
Judge of the ſecret heart, what unknown ſin
Did I commit, that fate ſtands ready arm'd,
To viſit all whoſe peace is dear to me?
Take me, O take me, to thy wiſh'd-for reſt,
And leave mankind to their own deſtiny."

The laſt line is really a curious chef-d'œuvre of modeſty, piety and reſignation.

In this tragedy, however, we find ſome paſſages which riſe into the genuine ſpirit.—The ſoliloquy of Mentevole in the garden, is among the moſt ſhining.

MENTEVOLE *alone, on a garden ſeat, looking at a picture.*

" And muſt I be content with thee, poor ſhadow?
Yet ſhe's leſs kind than this her counterfeit,
For this looks pleas'd, and ſeems to ſmile upon me.
O, what a form is here! her poliſh'd front,
Blue ſlender veins, winding their ſilken maze
Through fleſh of living ſnow. Young Hebe's hue,
Bluſhing ambroſial health. Her plenteous treſſes,
Luxuriant beauty! Thoſe bewitching eyes,
That ſhot their ſoft contagion to my ſoul;—
But where's their varied ſweetneſs? Where the fire
To drive men wild with paſſion to their ruin?
Where are her gentle words? the dewy breath
Balming the new-blown roſes 'tis exhaled through?
Thou envious happy lawn, hide thoſe white orbs
That ſwell beneath thy folds! O power of beauty,
If thou canſt ſanctify—By heaven, my ſiſter:— [*riſes.*
Up, fair perdition! [*attempting haſtily to put up the picture, he drops it on the ground.*

The ſcene of the quarrel between Mentevole and Marcellus is written with force and energy—the *effervescentia animi* of the Italian Lover is extremely well and happily marked.

Ment. " My Lord, well met. You then have ſeen this wonder?
Has fame exceeded, think you?

Mar. " How exceeded?

Ment. " Spoke Julia fairer than your eyes confeſs her?

Mar. " All eyes, all hearts, with rapture muſt confeſs her.

Ment. " Then I muſt think, you do not mean to pine
In ſilent adoration?

Mar. " What bleſs'd ſtrain
Can touch that gentle boſom?

Ment. " *Take my counſel;*
Devote thy ſoul to any thing but love;
Steep thy drench'd ſenſes in the mad'ning bowl;
Heap gold, and bug the mammon for itſelf;
Set provinces on dice; o'er the pale lamp
Of ſickly ſcience waſte thy vigorous youth;
Ruſh to the war, or cheer the deep-tongu'd hound;
Be thou the proverb'd ſlave of each, or all;
They ſhall not be ſo noxious to thy ſoul,
As dainty woman's love.

Mar. " If this be counſel,
It comes with ſuch a harſh and boiſterous breath,
I more diſcern the freedom, than the friendſhip.

Ment. " Falſly our poets deck the barbarous god
With roſeat hue, with infants' dimpling ſmiles,
With wanton curls, and wings of downy gold:—
He dips his darts in poiſonous aconite;
The firy venom rankles in our veins,
Infuſes rage, and murderous cruelty.

Mar. " The richeſt juice pour'd in a tainted jar,
Turns to a nauſeous and unwholſome draught,
But we condemn the veſſel, not the wine;
So gentle love, lodg'd in a ſavage breaſt,
May change his nature to a tyger's fierceneſs.

Ment. " Away with vain diſguiſe! Mark me, my Lord,
I long have lov'd this lady with a paſſion,
Too quick and jealous, not to find a rival,
Too fierce to brook him. She receives my vows;
Her father favours them. Wealth, titles, honour,
My rank in the ſtate, and many fair additions
(Surpaſs'd by none) keep buoyant my full hopes.
If yet your heart's untouch'd, I aſk, entreat it,

(And ſtrangers grant ſuch common courteſies,)
Forbear your viſits to her.
Mar. Believe me,
Were there a faſting lion in my path,
I'd rather this good ſteel here by my ſide
Should grow one piece with the ſheath, or in my graſp
Shrink to a bulruſh, but to mock the wielder,
Than feed you with the ſmalleſt hope or promiſe
I meant not to fulfil.
Ment. "Then we are foes.
Mar. "I'm ſorry for't.
Ment. "Deadly, irreconcilable.
Two eager racers ſtarting for one goal,
Both cannot win, but ſhame muſt find the loſer.
You ſtep between me and the light of heaven,
You ſtrive to rob me of my life's beſt hope,
(For life without her were my curſe, my burden,)
With cruel calmneſs you pluck out my heart;
Therefore, were the world's bounds more wide and large,
They could not hold us both.
Mar. "I little thought
To draw my ſword againſt my brother's friend;
And here atteſt heaven, and my peaceful ſoul,
You drag his quarrel on me.
Ment. "Yonder herd,
Who prying now would interrupt our purpoſe,
Will two hours hence be hous'd, to avoid the ſun,
Then riding at his height; at home I'll wait you,
And lead you thence to a ſequeſter'd ſpot,
Fit for the mortal iſſue of our meeting.
Mar. "Since you will have it ſo,—
Ment. "——The die is caſt.
Have I the bulk, and ſinewy ſtrength of man,
But to ſuſtain a heavier injury?
Let cowards ſhiver with a ſmother'd hate,
And fear the evil valour might avert:
The brave man's ſword ſecures his deſtiny."

Abating one or two expreſſions, which are *ſermoni propiores*;—as, "I'm ſorry for it,"—"ſince you will have it ſo,"—and "I little thought to draw my ſword againſt my brother's friend,"—this ſcene has in our judgment conſiderable merit. Mentevole's ſpeech marked by italics, is a very noble flight, infinitely beyond any thing elſe in the piece; but ſtill what can we ſay, but that

Affuitur late qui ſplendeat ûnus et alter
Purpureus pannus?——

Theſe few beauties will not redeem the reſt of the performance, and indeed, by their pre-eminent ſplendor, only place the general povery of ſentiment and expreſſion in a ſtronger light.

Tranſactions of the Society inſtituted at London for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce; with the Premiums offered in the Year 1787. 8vo. 4s. boards. Dodſley.

THIS is the *fifth* volume with which the Public has been favoured of the Tranſactions of this *reſpectable*, and, what is more, this *univerſally reſpected* body of—ſo to deſcribe them—mechanico-philoſophical patrons of uſeful induſtry, and laudable ingenuity.

In the publication now before us (as in the preceding ones) we find a variety of papers, fraught with information, given as well as important, on ſubjects highly intereſting to every nation that wiſhes to profit by a proficiency in the knowledge of mechanics; and not of mechanics merely, but of manufactures, of commerce, of agriculture, and of the arts in general. While thus intereſting to others, not a little honourable, as well as intereſting are they to ourſelves, from the freſh proofs they exhibit of our ſuperior talents as well as ſuperior ſucceſs in the wide-extended circles of ſcientific improvement.

In the firſt paper—which is on a ſubject of AGRICULTURE—we find an account by Thomas White, Eſq. of Retford in Nottinghamſhire*, of the methods he adopted in incloſing and forming a plantation of conſiderable magnitude at Butsfield, in the Biſhoprick of Durham. According to this account, experience ſeems to evince, that, in unſheltered ſituations, thoſe trees thrive beſt which are not above one foot, or at moſt above eighteen inches high, when planted; as they furniſh a ſhorter lever than taller trees, which, by their own force operating with the power of the winds, are conſtantly diſtreſſing the root, by breaking the young fibres. To the progreſs

* For his former valuable communications, this gentleman, we learn, has repeatedly received from the Society medals of the moſt honourable diſtinction.

of

of vegetation this effect muſt manifeſtly be injurious; but not leſs ſo appears to be the general practice of inexperienced planters, who are apt to place their trees ſo low in the earth as to be hardly within the reach of the ſolar influence.

Senſible of the miſchiefs reſulting from this predominant error, Mr. White pays more regard to the ſtrength of the ſtem, and fibrous ſtate of the roots, than to the height or age of the trees; which it is his conſtant practice to plant very ſmall. Upon principles equally rational and ſcientific, he chooſes alſo to *intermix*, as much as poſſible, the different trees in his plantations; not merely from the proſpect of eſtabliſhing a *ſucceſſion*, but from an opinion, ſupported by obſervation and experience, that ground ſo planted will produce a greater quantity of *uſeful* wood; and that, as the earth itſelf furniſhes a heterogeneous maſs of matter, containing for each different plant an appropriated food, ſo each derives therefrom a peculiar kind of nouriſhment neceſſary for its own ſupport.

If theſe remarks be as juſt in practice as they are plauſible in theory, (and in both reſpects we are inclined to put faith in them) the ingenious author of the paper before us is perfectly right when he obſerves, that a promiſcuous arrangement of various kinds of trees muſt be the beſt mode of diſpoſing of them; as each kind will, with the greater facility, ſearch out and obtain its ſhare of the proper nouriſhment, without robbing its neighbours; which being plants of a different genus, will neceſſarily partake of the aliment allotted for their particular ſupport; whereas, if trees of the ſame kind, which derive from the earth the ſame ſpecific nouriſhment, are planted in the vicinity of each other, upon the ſame common bed, they muſt ſoon (having exhauſted the ſoil of nutriment peculiar to their nature) dwindle, and periſh.

The ſecond paper in the preſent collection, conſiſts of experiments and obſervations on the culture of turneps, by George Winter, Eſq. of Charlton, near Briſtol.—In this paper, from a perſuaſion of the inconveniences and loſſes that flow from the common mode of agriculture, reſpecting turneps, as well as other kinds of ſeed, and all ſorts of grain, Mr. Winter powerfully recommends the practice of *drilling*. From the neglect of this valuable improvement, the ſeed being ſown broadcaſt, the ſcorching ſun, as he juſtly obſerves, often injures it before it can be covered; the treading of the horſes, by harrowing, buſhing, and rolling, ſo hardens a loamy or ſtiff ſoil as entirely to exclude the air, the dews, &c. and not only prevent the ſeed from vegetating, but deſtroy almoſt one half of it, from the preſſure of the horſes feet.

The enſuing paper conſiſts of a letter from Thomas Boothby Parkyns, Eſq. on the culture and uſes of the plant called *Racine de Diſette*—a plant, by which, whatever may be its virtues, the ſeeds of no ſmall animoſity ſeem to have lately been *implanted* among the botanical tribe, from the *meek* Dr. Lettſom down to the *irafcible* Mr. Smith of Lambeth, his formidable, but hitherto-neglected opponent, reſpecting not merely the properties, but the very *genus*, of this pretended phenomenon among the *modern* productions of Nature, the *Mangel-Wurzel*;—the Root of Plenty, "as it ought to be ſtyled, though we, in imitation of the French, are pleaſed to call it the "Root of Scarcity*." Be this as it may, we cannot help expreſſing our ſurpriſe, that a gentleman of Dr. Lettſom's known integrity and candour ſhould, in all his publications on the ſubject, have omitted to notice this communication of Mr. Parkyns, which is dated the 13th of May 1786, above a year before the Doctor publicly undertook to elucidate and recommend the *Mangel-Wurzel*. As a gentleman and a man of ſcience, his honour is dear to us, as it can be dear to himſelf; and therefore it is that we cannot help pronouncing it incumbent upon him to aſſign his reaſons for a conduct *apparently* ſo diſingenuous.

To the judicious and well-penned paper of Mr. Parkyns ſucceeds the deſcription of a machine for cutting chaff, invented and conſtructed by Mr. James Pike, a watch maker of Newton-Abbot, Devonſhire; and next follow letters from Mr. Malcolm, of Kennington-nurſery, Sur-

* In Vol. XII. our readers will ſee an account of the virtues aſcribed to this *wonderful* plant by the Abbe de Commerell, the avowed patron of it in France, as Dr. Lettſom is in England.

rey, and Mr. Boote, of Athurſton upon Stower, near Stratford upon Avon, on the ſubject of *drill-huſbandry*.

In the chemical department of the intereſting volume before us we find an ingenious paper from Mr. Willis, Hermitage, Wapping, ſuggeſting upon very plauſible principles a method by which ſtone-retorts may be prevented from breaking, and by which, if from any accident cracked in the courſe of a chemical operation, the crevice or crevices may be ſo effectually ſtopped as to permit the retort to loſe nothing of the contained ſubject.

For theſe purpoſes, Mr. White has always found it neceſſary to uſe a previous coating for filling up the interſtices of the earth or ſtone. This is made by diſſolving two ounces of borax in a pint of boiling water, and adding to the ſolution as much ſlaked lime as will make it into a thin paſte. It may be ſpread, he ſays, with a common painter's brush over ſeveral retorts, which, when dry, are ready for the preſerving coat. The intention of the firſt coating is, that the ſubſtances thus ſpread over, readily vitrifying in the fire, ſhall prevent any of the diſtilling ſubſtances from pervading the retort, while it ſerves to preclude the danger of its being cracked. When Mr. White thinks it neceſſary to uſe any ſuch coated retorts, his method is, to charge them with the ſubſtance to be diſtilled, and then to prepare a thin paſte, made with common linſeed oil and ſlaked lime, well mixed, and perfectly plaſtic, that it may eaſily ſpread. With this paſte he directs the retort to be covered all over, with the exception of that part of the neck which is to be inſerted into the receiver. This, he adds, may be readily done with a painter's brush; and in a day or two the coating, thus formed, will be ſufficiently dry, and conſequently fit for uſe.

In the province of the arts more immediately called *polite*, we are pleaſed to find a letter, highly *poliſhed*, as well as *polite*, from a LADY, who, under the ſignature of "Emma Jane Greenland," has adorned the records of the Society with ſeveral pertinent remarks relative to the method of *painting in wax*;—a method ſuppoſed to have been anciently practiſed in Greece, and now recommended by her as free from all the diſadvantages incident to the practice of painting in oil.—In this department, we have alſo a paper from Mr. Cheeſe, deſcriptive of a machine he has invented for teaching the principles of muſic to people deprived of ſight, and—what is certainly of far more conſequence—for enabling them alſo to *preſerve* their compoſitions, in the very *act of compoſing*, without the help of a copyiſt.—The device of Mr. Cheeſe is ingenious; and plauſible is the account given of the machine; but he muſt excuſe us if we tell him, that we have doubts, very *ſtrong* doubts, about the practical utility of his invention. In the next volume of the Society's Tranſactions, however, we truſt that the author will gratify us with ſome *ſubſtantial* proofs of its efficacy.

In the article of manufactures, we are preſented with two letters (not a little intereſting to the naturaliſt, as well as to the manufacturer) on the breeding and managing of ſilk-worms in England. One of theſe letters is from a Miſs Rhodes, ſome papers from whom upon the ſame ſubject were publiſhed in the preceding volume of the Society's Tranſactions; the other comes from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Swaine, of Pucklechurch, near Briſtol; and to both we could wiſh to ſee the attention of our ſilk-manufacturers directed.

In the department of mechanics, we have an account of an hydraulic machine, the invention of the late Mr. Wm. Weſtgarth, of Colecleugh, in the county of Northumberland;—a machine, founded on one of the moſt obvious principles in the ſyſtem of ſtatics;—namely, that of a heavier column of water raiſing a lighter. In the idea that gave riſe to the formation of the engine under conſideration, there is evidently little novelty; but from the uſe that has been made of it, there reſults what certainly deſerves higher praiſe—much practical utility; and, if we miſtake not, Mr. Weſtgarth was the firſt mechanic in the kingdom who pointed out the means by which the difficulties that had attended the operation of every other machine intended to work on this principle, might be effectually obviated.

The laſt article in the Tranſactions of the Society now before us has "colonies and trade" for its ſubject; and it conſiſts merely of letters relative to a red earth found in Jamaica, which, however uſeful it may prove there, and even in the other Weſt-India iſlands, for many purpoſes, particularly in the formation of ciſterns, reſervoirs, canals, &c. can never, we apprehend, be rendered in any great degree ſerviceable to Great-Britain, or indeed to any other European country,

from

from the unavoidable expence that would attend the conveyance of it thither.

The Tranſactions—or at leaſt the *account* of the Tranſactions—of the year being thus cloſed, the remainder of the volume is occupied with a detail of the rewards adjudged in 1786, as alſo of the preſents received, and of the premiums offered in 1787; together with liſts of the Officers and Members: nor can we diſmiſs the preſent article without expreſſing our ſatisfaction at the encreaſed, and evidently ſtill increaſing, proſperity of an inſtitution ſo laudable in its varied purſuits, and ſo indefatigable in rendering thoſe purſuits permanently uſeful, not merely to this or that individual, or even to this or that nation, but diffuſively to mankind at large.

An Elegy on the ancient Greek Model, addreſſed to the Right Reverend Robert Lowth, Lord Biſhop of London; printed at Cambridge, 1779; and ſold in London by T. Payne. 4to. 1s. 6d.

THIS beautiful poem is generally aſcribed to the elegant pen of the Author of the "Triumphs of Temper," and is ſaid to have owed its origin to the following circumſtance: During the American war, Biſhop Lowth preached at St. James's, and publiſhed a Sermon in the ſtyle of too many of his brethren at that period, containing a perſonal reflection * on Dr. Price, which grieved many of the Biſhop's friends; and among others, the Author of this Elegy. Mr. Hayley not having preſerved it in his Works, the following extracts, we doubt not, will prove highly acceptable to many of our readers:

"Mourn, Son of Amos, mourn! in accent ſharp
Of angry ſorrow ſtrike thy heav'nly harp.
Mourn! thou ſublimeſt of the ſainted choir!
Thoſe lips, that, touch'd with thy celeſtial fire,
Clear'd from the gather'd cloud of many an age,
The bright'ning flame of thy prophetic rage;
Thoſe lips, thro' Learning's ſacred ſphere renown'd,
Have ſtain'd their glory by a ſervile ſound
Envy with ranc'rous joy theſe accents heard,
And dwells with triumph on the fatal word;
Waging againſt Renown eternal wars,
Thus ſhe inſults the merit ſhe abhors:
† "How has the radiance of the mitre ceas'd!
Oblivion's poppy ſhades the proſtrate prieſt;
In dark Servility's expanding cave
Forgotten Prelates had their grave;
O Lucifer! of Prophecy the ſtar,
Rolling thro' Hebrew clouds thy radiant car!
Art thou too fall'n as we? Can Flatt'ry's tide
Drown thy free ſpirit and thy Attic pride?
Is this the man who ſpoke, in language ſtrong,
The praiſe of Liberty's Athenian ſong?
Bleſt are her notes, but curſt the ſordid things
That prieſtcraft offers to the pride of kings;
For never, never ſhall fair Freedom's hand
Enroll one Prelate in her ſacred band!"

He then digreſſes in praiſe of thoſe *mitred ſages* who have approved themſelves the friends of freedom and the people; though not without an oblique glance at ſuch as

"Fond of dull repoſe,
Without a dream of Learning's friends or foes,
Enjoy their table, or from thence withdrawn,
Sink in ſoft ſlumber on their ſleeves of lawn."

The names that are mentioned with peculiar approbation are Langton and Hoadly among the dead, and amongſt the *then* living, Shipley and Law.

Reſuming his ſubject, he proceeds:
"O Lowth! we ſaw thy radiant name on high,
Amid the pureſt lights of Learning's ſky;
And long, if true to Freedom's guiding voice,
Long in thy ſplendor ſhall that ſphere rejoice.

* "Our excellent conſtitution, the glory of modern policy, and the envy of the reſt of the world, is it not greatly weakened, and rendered ineffectual by a general national depravity, by a decay of public ſpirit, and every virtuous principle? And this weakneſs of the conſtitution do not the enemies of all order make a pretence, and uſe as an occaſion, to endeavour, inſtead of reſtoring, totally to ſubvert it?—Are there not many, whoſe ſtudy it has long been to introduce diſorder and confuſion, to encourage tumults and ſeditions, to deſtroy all rule and all authority, by traducing Government, deſpiſing dominion, and ſpeaking evil of dignities? By aſſuming viſionary and impracticable principles, as the only true foundations of a true government, which tend to raiſe diſcontent in the people **, to harden ſome in actual rebellion, and to diſpoſe others to follow their example?"—*Biſhop Lowth's Sermon, on Aſh-wedneſday* 1779.

** "As far as, in any inſtance, the operation of any cauſe comes in to reſtrain the power of ſelf-government, ſo far ſlavery is introduced." Dr. Price, *Obſervations on Civil Liberty*, Sect. 1.—"The repreſentation muſt be complete. No ſtate, a PART of which only is repreſented in the legiſlature that governs it, is SELF-governed." *Additional Obſervations*, Sect. 1. From which it follows, that a vaſt majority of the people of England, all that have no vote for repreſentatives in Parliament, are *ſlaves*.

† See Iſaiah, chap. xiv.

One

One paſſing vapour ſhall diſſolve away,
And leave thy glory's unobſtructed ray.
But while on Fame's high precipice you ſtand,
Be nobly firm! nor bend the virtuous hand,
Fill'd with rich ſweets from Freedom's flow'ry mead,
To pluck Servility's oblivious weed!
High in the Court's rank ſoil that creeper winds,
And oft with dark embrace the Croſier binds;
While ſqueez'd from thence, the ſubtle Prelate flings
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After juſtifying the motive of his addreſs, and doing ample juſtice to the good Biſhop's character, he adds:

"Shall Louth adapt no more his Attic ſtyle
To the meridian of my fav'rite iſle?
But feebly ſpeak, in France's languid tone,
Faint as beneath Oppreſſion's ſtarving zone?
Or, blazing only with a bigot's fire,
Awake the ſlumb'ring flame of regal ire:
Stretch the ſtatute—then tell on priſon hinds ſtruck,
And from the pulpit aim the perſonal attack?
Far other precepts ſuit the hallow'd page!
* * * * * * * * *

He then calls upon the Biſhop to correct the rank abuſes of the time, in the following animated lines:

"Riſe then, O riſe! with Heath's ſpirit fir'd,
But in thy richer eloquence attir'd:
Teach us to guard from every mean controul
That manly vigour of the judging ſoul,
Which faith approves, which loyalty allows!
Teach us, while honour to thy doctrine bows,
That duty's praiſe in no blind worſhip lies,
But reaſon's homage to the juſt and wiſe!
So to thy country, to thy God endear'd,
By Heaven protected, as on earth rever'd,
May thy mild age in pureſt fame rejoice;
In fame, where Envy hears no jarring voice!
So may Religion, with divine relief,
Drop her rich balm on thy parental grief!
May that ſweet comforter, the heav'nly muſe,
Who fondly treaſures ſorrow's ſacred dews,
In glory's vaſe preſerve the precious tear
Shed by paternal love on beauty's bier!
And O! when thou, to learning's deep regret,
Muſt pay at nature's call our common debt;
While life's laſt murmurs ſhake the parching throat,
And pity catches that portentous note;
While in its hollow orb the rolling eye
Of Hope is turn'd convulſive to the ſky;
May holieſt viſitants, each fainted fear,
Whoſe well known accents warble in thine ear,
Deſcend, with Mercy's delegated power,
To ſooth the anguiſh of that awful hour:
With lenient aid releaſe thy ſtruggling breath,
Guide thy freed ſpirit thro' the gates of death,
Show there emerging from this earthly ſtorm,
Thy lov'd Maria in a ſeraph's form,
And give thee, gazing on the Throne of Grace,
To view thy mighty Maker face to face."

Favourite Tales, tranſlated from the French. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Robinſon.

THE following Story of the "Miſt Girl of St. Joſeph's," by the Chevalier de Grave, will afford no bad ſpecimen of theſe original and entertaining Tales, which are far ſuperior to the generality of French frippery.

"It was two o'clock in the morning, the almoſt exhauſted lamps in the court-yard gave but a glimmering light, and I was retiring to my apartment, when I thought I heard a noiſe at the foot of the ſtair-caſe. I called out twice, 'Who's there? What are 'you about there?' and was anſwered by a ſoft and touching voice, "It is I; don't you 'ſee that I am waiting for him?" As I was not the perſon expected, I was walking away, when the ſame voice called to me. "Pray come here; but don't make a noiſe." I approached, and near the laſt ſtep, behind the pillar, perceived a young woman dreſſed in white, with a black ſaſh, and with her hair falling in diſorder on her ſhoulders. "I "never did you harm," ſaid ſhe; "pray do "not hurt me. I have touched nothing; I "am here in a corner, where I cannot be "ſeen—this injures nobody—but don't ſay "any thing about it: don't mention it to "him.—He'll come down preſently.—I ſhall "ſee him; and then I'll go away."

"My ſurpriſe increaſed at every word; and I tried, in vain, to recollect this unfortunate creature. Her voice was perfectly unknown to me, as well as whatever I could diſcover of her perſon. She continued to ſpeak; but her ideas became ſo confuſed, that I could diſcover nothing but the diſorder of her head and the diſtreſs of her heart.

"I interrupted her, and endeavoured to bring back her attention to our ſituation.—'If ſomebody elſe,' ſaid I, 'had ſeen you before I did at the foot of the ſtair-caſe?—"Ah!" ſaid ſhe, "I ſee very well that you "do not know all.—He alone is ſomebody—"and when he goes away, he does not, like "you, liſten to all he hears: he only hears "her who is above. Formerly it was I; "now it is ſhe.—But it will not laſt. Oh! "no, no, it will not laſt!"

"At theſe words ſhe took a medallion from

from her boſom, and ſeemed to examine it with much attention.

" A moment after we heard a door open; and a ſervant holding a light at the top of the baluſtrade enabled me to diſtinguiſh a young man, who tripped lightly down ſtairs.

" As he paſſed, his hapleſs victim was ſeized with an univerſal trembling: and ſcarcely had he diſappeared when the reſt of her ſtrength forſook her, and ſhe fell on the lower ſtep, behind the pillar that concealed us. I was going to call for aſſiſtance, but the fear of expoſing her prevented me; and I took the poor creature ſenſeleſs in my arms. The ſhutting of the door above was then heard. She ſtarted at the noiſe, and ſeemed to revive a little. I held her hands in one of mine, and with the other ſupported her head. She tried to ſpeak; but the ſounds ſhe endeavoured to utter were ſtifled by her grief. We remained ſome time in a ſilence which I did not dare to interrupt; when, at laſt, having entirely recovered the uſe of her ſenſes, ſhe ſaid to me, in a ſoft and faultering voice, " Ah! I ſee very well " I ought to have warned you. The acci- " dent that has juſt happened to me muſt " have made you uneaſy, for you are good " and kind; you muſt have been afraid, and " I am not ſurpriſed at it. I was like you; " I was afraid too when I found myſelf in " this ſituation; I thought I was going to " die. And I feared it, for that would have " deprived me of the only means of ſeeing " him, which is all that I have left. But I " have found out, yes, I have found out that " I cannot die. Juſt now, when he paſ- " ſed by, I left myſelf to go to him! If he " died, I ſhould die too—but without that, " it is impoſſible. We only die where " we live; and it is not in myſelf, but in " him, that I exiſt.

" Some time ago—I was mad!—Oh! yes, " very mad indeed! and that will not ſur- " priſe you, as it was in the beginning of his " going up this ſtair-caſe. My reaſon is now " returned. Every thing goes and comes; " and ſo does that. This medallion, which " you ſee, reſtored it to me: it is a portrait; " but it is not that of my friend. What good " would that do? He is very well already; " he has no occaſion to improve—he has no- " thing to alter. If you did but know whoſe " portrait it is! It is the wicked woman's " above ſtairs—The cruel creature! What " trouble has ſhe given me ſince ſhe ap- " proached my heart!—It was ſo content! " ſo happy!—but ſhe has deranged and de- " ſtroyed all!—One day—I recollect it very " well—I happened to go alone into my " friend's room.—Alas! he was no longer " there!—I found this portrait on his table; " I took it; ran away with it; and ſince " that I am better." After having this, ſhe began to laugh; talked of the public walks, of pleaſures, and of horſes; and I once more perceived a total confuſion in her ideas.

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" I continued to follow her. " Stop," ſaid ſhe, again, " return home; I carry a- " way with me a part of your ſleep, and I " am to blame: for ſleep is very ſweet; it " is even ſo to me.—I ſee in it what is paſt."

" I feared to affect her by inſiſting any longer, and left her. However, my fear that ſome accident might happen to her made me follow her with my eyes, as I walked on gently behind. She ſoon ſtopped at a little

* In France the Lamps are ſuſpended on lines acroſs the ſtreets."

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And leave thy glory's unobſtructed ray.
But while on Fame's high precipice you ſtand,
Be nobly firm! nor bend the virtuous hand,
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" How!" anſwered ſhe, " what! you " do not know?—Why, it is my only hope; " —I take it every day, put it by the ſide of " my looking-glaſs, and arrange my features " like hers. I begin already to be a little " like her; and, by taking pains, I ſhall " reſemble her exactly. I will then go and " ſee my friend; he will be ſatisfied with " me, and will no longer be obliged to go to " her above ſtairs. For, except *that*, I am " ſure he likes me beſt. Only think on " what trifles our happineſs depends! on " ſome features which he found no longer " diſpoſed to his liking. Why did he not " ſay ſo?—I would have done then what I " do now; and he would not have been " obliged to apply to a ſtranger. Nothing " was more eaſy, and it would have ſaved " us both a great deal of trouble: but with- " out doubt he did not think of it.

" Every evening I wait at the foot of the " ſtair-caſe: he never comes down before " the convent bell has ſtruck two:—and " then, as I can't ſee, I count the beatings of " my poor heart.—Since I have been in poſ- " ſeſſion of the portrait, I count every day " ſome pulſations leſs!—But it is late, and I " muſt go from hence,—Adieu!" I accompanied her to the ſtreet-door. As ſoon as without, ſhe turned to the left, and I walked on ſome paces with her. She then ſuddenly fixed her eyes on the ſtream of light which the lamps formed before us. " You ſee all " theſe lamps," ſaid ſhe; " they are agi- " tated * by every breath of air:—it is the " ſame with my heart—it burns like them:— " but they conſume, and I burn for ever!"

" I continued to follow her. " Stop," ſaid ſhe, again, " return home; I carry a- " way with me a part of your ſleep, and I " am to blame: for ſleep is very ſweet; it " is even ſo to me.—I ſee in it what is paſt."

" I feared to affect her by inſiſting any longer, and left her. However, my fear that ſome accident might happen to her made me follow her with my eyes, as I walked on gently behind. She ſoon ſtopped at a little

* In France the Lamps are ſuſpended on lines acroſs the ſtreets."

door

door, went in, and ſhut it after her. I then returned home, my mind and heart equally agitated, and this unfortunate creature continually before my eyes. I reflected on the cauſe of her misfortune; and ſome regret—and the remembrance of ſome paſt circumſtances, were mingled with my tears. I was too much affected to hope for reſt; and, while waiting for day-light, wrote down this ſcene to which I had been witneſs."

The Fall of Scepticiſm and Infidelity predicted. An Epiſtle to Doctor Beattie. 8vo. 2s. Cadell.

THIS gentleman, who has very ſlender pretenſions to the title of a *Poet*, ſeems to poſſeſs claims more diſputable ſtill to the character of a *prophet*; and for our part, ſo *ſceptical* are we, in one point at leaſt, that (without affecting to be inſpired with the gift of *prophecy*) we ſcruple not to pronounce *infidelity* to be in no danger of a *fall* from ſuch a religioniſt as the bardling before us, or even as the ingenious but weak and unphiloſophic Dr. Beattie.

In Olentem Bellendeni Editorem, Carmen Antamœbæum. 4to. 1s.

THE following extract from the epiſtle dedicatory prefixed to this Poem, will fully explain the Writer's intention by its publication.

" To the free Tranſlator of the celebrated Preface to BELLENDENUS.

" Worthy Sir,

" I Have the honour to congratulate you on your emerging from that dark abyſs, in which, like Milton's Satan, you trod the crude conſiſtence, that boggy Syrtis, neither ſea, nor good dry land. Great are the obligations of the unlettered multitude to your learned labours in tranſlating " the book which many cannot read;" its myſteries are now unveiled to idiotick eyes, and the book itſelf may well be conſigned to a dignified and oblivious repoſe in the unmoleſted libraries of the great. Hail, great elucidator of the realms of Chaos! The work is worthy of your talents and your virtue.

" Yet in one thing methinks you fail. You might have recollected that the humour of Harlequin conſiſts in his agility, and his wit in his patch-work jacket; you have trammelled him to a ſolemn pace, and clothed him in a veſt uniformly black; his gambols and his wit are now no more. Perhaps in the nature of things it could not be otherwiſe; that only ſhows the abſurdity of your attempt: A trifle this, as it muſt be allowed that you have retained his dagger of lath, that redoubted weapon with which he performs ſuch wonders. At the touch of this, virtue is degraded, and becomes a jeſt; diſſoluteneſs, profligacy, and faction uſurp her honours; the man who ſaved the Eaſt, is inſulted by thoſe reptiles, whoſe accurſed politics rent thirteen provinces from the Britiſh Empire; the wife and good are held up as objects of deriſion; and the Miniſter is execrated, as having the guilt to be young, the effrontery to be virtuous, and the audaciouſneſs to ſave his country from the ruin in which theſe preface-praiſed worthies were haſtening to ſink it. There are who ſhake their heads at theſe things; who look with contempt at this celebrated preface, as a wretched bundle of indigeſted phraſes, the impertinent pedantry of an inſolent Pedagogue, making his index-reading pander to his factious and dark malignity; who hold in abhorrence thoſe virulent and invidious accuſers, *quibus neque propter incandidam fidem, neque propter infidelitatem honorem habere debemus*; who feel an honeſt indignation at ſeeing a pious and learned divine depreciate and ridicule the noble ſeverity of virtue, palliate the groſſeſt debauchery, and ſet forth the moſt profligate characters in all the exorbitance of peſtilent praiſe. No matter: Theſe are only the wiſe and good: Regard them not: Let the glory of appearing in print continue to weigh more with you, than a regard to honour, juſtice, truth, and virtue.

" An honeſt indignation has extorted this addreſs from me; *etenim quis tam diſſoluto animo eſt, qui, hæc cum videat, tacere ac negligere poſſit?* I therefore beg leave to preſent you with a few Latin verſes: I can eaſily conjecture how acceptable they will be to you."

Perhaps it is needleſs to add, that the Verſes alluded to form a ſevere ſatire on the *Coalition Triumviri* celebrated in the Preface to Bellendenus. After this quotation, however, we truſt that our readers will not in future ſuſpect us of partiality in politics.

A View of the Engliſh Intereſts in India. By William Fullarton, Eſq. M. P. and late Commander of the Southern Army on the Coaſt of Corpmandel. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Cadell. 1787.

THE regulation of our Indian policy is an object of ſuch immenſe magnitude and importance, more eſpecially in the preſent contracted ſtate of the Britiſh dominions, that any information regarding that topic, muſt be of utility and advantage. It is, perhaps, no more than the duty of every man, who from his rank and appointments in the Eaſt may be poſſeſſed of materials for the purpoſe, to point out the defects in our adminiſtration there, and to ſuggeſt ſuch improvements or remedies as may appear to him neceſſary for the eſtabliſhment and firm conſervation of this laſt great reſource of England. Mr. Fullarton has performed this duty in a very laudable manner. High in command, and connected with the ruling powers in India, his ſituation opened to him ſources of information from which ordinary men are debarred. Of theſe he has availed himſelf with ſucceſs; he has obſerved on the general poſture of our intereſts there, with diſcrimination and judgment; he has cenſured what he thought amiſs with dignity and moderation, and propoſed his own ſentiments with modeſty and candour. A conſiderable part of his book is employed in the detail of his own campaigns, which, though honourable teſtimonies of his merit as a ſoldier, are not ſo intereſting to the general feelings, as thoſe parts wherein he ſpeaks of the great ſyſtem of Engliſh politics in India. In treating the former ſubject, we diſcover neither pride nor vain-glory; in the latter, neither prejudice nor aſperity.

The public has heard much, and read more, of miſrule in India; there have been declamations without end on the peculations of the Company's ſervants; and acts without number to retrieve if poſſible the Company's affairs; but theſe declamations have only tended to eſtabliſh the oratorical character of the perſons who delivered them; and thoſe acts have too frequently confirmed the evils they were meant to remedy.

But it is not merely to the peculation of the Company's ſervants that the miſchiefs in the Eaſt are owing — other cauſes concur materially—Want of ſyſtem is worſe there than even a bad ſyſtem.

The great leading principle of all Eaſtern inſtitutions is *permanency*; but the principle, or at leaſt the practice, of all Engliſh politics in India, has been productive of the moſt pernicious inſtability. By the firſt, laws, manners, rites, and regulations are handed down from age to age undiminiſhed and unaltered;—by the ſecond, the general order and arrangements of the country are torn aſunder with capricious innovation: and to enforce a ſyſtem ſo deſtructive of the deareſt tenets of the natives, the continued operation of violence is required.

The diſtribution of the Gentoos into Talyngas, Malabars, Marattas, Canaras, and Malleallums, as well as into the different ſects of Bramins, Rajahpoots, Nyars, and into many inferior ſubdiviſions of merchants, labourers, and artificers, has remained inviolate ſince the promulgation of the laws of Brimha, whoſe Shaſter contains the ordinances of their faith, and the pandects of their juriſprudence. Theſe inſtitutes have withſtood the ravages of time, the irruptions of invaders, and the revolutions to which, in all recorded periods, thoſe countries have been expoſed.

The wiſdom of the Mooriſh conquerors of Indoſtan failed not to preſerve this ancient fabric of Indian adoration. In fact, the Mahometan governments apparently reverence the rites of the Gentoos, who ſtill conſtitute the maſs of ſubjects on the peninſula Under the Moors, they are liable to oppreſſions incident to all arbitrary governments; yet their tyrants have mingled policy with force: and, as the Goths adopted the manners of thoſe nations whom they conquered, ſo the Muſſulmen have aſſimilated with the cuſtoms of their Indian ſubjects. They encourage them in huſbandry and manufacture—employ them in their armies — entruſt them with their finance—and, above all, preſerve to them the purity of their Caſts, the ſanctity of their Bramins, and the pomp of their religion.

Happily for the Engliſh intereſts, intolerance in matters of religion has not mingled with our Indian policy. But in our civil and military conduct, intolerance has united with inſtability, to violate the moſt revered inſtitutions, and to force pacific powers into meaſures for our extermination. So fully are theſe aſſertions verified by every circumſtance attending the origin and growth of our power in India, that on a conviction of our reſtleſs and unſtable views, was founded

the policy of the Mogul, the Nizam, the Mahattas, and other ſtates of India, who lately aſſociated to accompliſh our deſtruction.

This ruinous fluctuation of councils and ſyſtems, owes its origin in a great meaſure to the nature of our eſtabliſhment in India. There is unhappily a diſcordant principle in the political part, whence ariſe evils too inveterate to yield to any palliative expedient. Individuals are out of the queſtion in a great meaſure; for the diſunion there, is not the alliſion of one man or ſet of men againſt another; it is not of one period, nor one preſidency; but it is a general contention—a ſhock of ſituations, and a war of departments.

In order to account for the riſe and progreſs of theſe diſſentions, and of that diſcordant principle from which they originated, it muſt be remembered that the ſpirit of our primary eſtabliſhment in India knew no power ſuperior to the Company's government.

This authority, perplexed and wavering as it might be rendered by the politics of the different Preſidencies counteracting each other, had yet ſomewhat of unity in the idea of its formation; ſo far at leaſt, that the native powers, conſidering the Company as the fountain of all Engliſh authority in the peninſula, regulated their conduct by ſuch communications as were conveyed through the medium of the Company's repreſentatives. While this prevailed, the Nabob Mahomed Ally, and other native Princes in our alliance, conducted themſelves with the utmoſt deference towards the eſtabliſhed Government; and though at times they were ſeverely preſſed by ſome rapacious members, they felt a degree of ſecurity, and enjoyed an intercourſe of good offices, that bordered on proſperity.

The errors of the Company's management having attracted the attention of Adminiſtration at home, an act of the legiſlature was paſſed in 1773, by which the powers of ſovereignty were continued in the Company; but the authority of parliament aſſumed an executive interference in thoſe very powers of ſovereignty, by the appointment, recommendation, or confirmation of certain officers of juſtice, and others to be eſtabliſhed in India. The power and dignity of the Crown had, at an earlier period, been brought into direct competition, though not on equal terms, with the power and ſovereign authority of the Company. An embaſſy had been ſent immediately from the Crown to the Nabob of Arcot, unfavourably in oppoſition to the power of the Company. Vehement diſputes aroſe between the Ambaſſador and the Preſidency of Fort St. George. The Governor and Council conſtituted the regular authority of the ſettlement, and poſſeſſed the powers of Adminiſtration; while the other claimed ſuperiority as repreſentative of the Sovereign. The Nabob and all the other native Princes were perplexed. They had been taught, that in the Company was veſted the ſupreme authority of England, as far as reſpected India—that no other power had any right of interference there. Now they are told, the Company is nothing more than a private body of merchants, without conſequence or conſideration in their own country, and who are ſoon to loſe all power and conſequence in India.

In this ſituation of affairs, what ſhall the unfortunate Nabob believe?—how ſhall he act?—A hoſt of needy adventurers poſſeſs themſelves of his confidence, impoſe upon his credulity, and taint his mind with opinions that have ſince proved his deſtruction. "Your Highneſs (ſay theſe adventurers) "muſt ſhake off your connections with "thoſe traders;—you muſt now adhere to "the ſovereign power and majeſty of Eng- "land:——You, Sir, are an independent "Prince:—you are guaranteed in your ter- "ritory of the Carnatic by the treaty of Pa- "ris;—the Kings of France and Spain have "ratified that treaty, and the King of Eng- "land is your protector.—Throw off, there- "fore, all dependence on the mercantile aſ- "ſociation."

It is not ſurprizing that an Aſiatic Prince, who cannot reconcile the contradiction of a body of merchants poſſeſſing ſovereignty, ſhould have been deceived by language ſo congenial to his natural propenſities; eſpecially when confirmed by the ſolemnity of public letters, and an embaſſy from the Sovereign.

From that moment, his attachment to the Company was ſhaken:—he ſpoke lightly of their power, diſregarded their ſervants, and counteracted their intentions.

The Government of Madras reſented this defection, and forced him to confeſs that his new allies were either negligent of their promiſes, or unequal to reſiſt the Company, in whoſe hands the executive control ſtill remained.

Since that time, the Preſidency of Madras has been a continued ſcene of counteraction. The Senior Officer of the ſquadron has uſually repreſented his Majeſty at the Durbar, and that ſituation tends to render him, *ex officio*, an object of jealouſy to the Company's Government. The Commander in Chief on ſhore has likewiſe held an authority from the Crown, ſo indefinitely expreſſed, that he could neither ſubmit to the govern-

ment

ment without incurring profeſſional unpopularity, nor reſiſt without exciting ruinous commotions.

Thus the pretenſions of Governor and Commander ſtill remain in colliſion with each other,—the King and Company ſtill continue in that country to be contending powers—while the Company and Nabob are bound over to perpetual variance. Between the civil and military no line is traced; no redreſs for the latter, no mode of coercion for the former, and the warfare of the Preſidencies is extended and confirmed.

The provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Oriſſa, as poſſeſſed by the Britiſh, and including Benares, contain an area of 162,000 ſquare miles; their annual revenues are ſuppoſed to have amounted, in happier times, to 5,000,000*l.* ſterling, and their population to 11,000,000: the province of Oude and its dependencies comprehend an area of 53,286 ſquare miles, yielded a revenue of 3,500,000*l.* and maintained 20,000,000 of people.

By this ſtandard it appears that, the Coaſt of Coromandel being added, its extent being 65 944 ſquare miles, its ancient population 9,000,000, and revenue in former times 3,000,000*l.*, the aggregate of theſe territories will form a dominion nearly equal in revenue, and far ſuperior in population as well as in extent to Great Britain, the richeſt and moſt productive kingdom in proportion to its area, that ever exiſted in the temperate zones. Great Britain is ſuppoſed to contain an area of 96,460 ſquare miles, her population is computed at 8,000,000, and her revenues at 14 000,000*l.* Our dominions in India contain by computation 281,230 ſquare miles, the revenues are 11,500,000*l.* and the population 30,000,000!

In former times the Bengal countries were the granary of nations, and the repoſitory of commerce, wealth and manufacture in the Eaſt. Veſſels from all quarters poured out their treaſures on the banks of the Ganges, and the numberleſs nations that people the northern regions of Indoſtan, as far as Caſhmire, Lahore, and Thibet, including a range of ſeveral thouſand miles, uſed to depoſit their riches there, as the great mart and centre of their traffick. But ſuch has been the reſtleſs energy of our miſgovernment, that within the ſhort ſpace of twenty years, many parts of theſe countries have been reduced to the appearance of a deſart. The fields are no longer cultivated,—extenſive tracts are already overgrown with thickets,—the huſbandman is plundered,—the manufacturer oppreſſed,—famine has been repeatedly endured,—and depopulation has enſued. The diſtricts are farmed out to Renters, or Zemindars,—and the collections, as well as all other buſineſs relating to finance, are committed to a Provincial Chief, who reports to the Committee of Revenue. The Renter holds by a precarious tenure, while it coſts him ſo much to procure and maintain his ſituation, that if his exactions bear proportion to his riſk and advance of money, they muſt be extremely ſevere indeed. Neither would it ſuit the views of a Chief to be leſs induſtrious in the buſineſs of extortion. They muſt therefore be unuſually inexpert if they do not between them contrive to diſtreſs the inhabitants, to ruin agriculture, and to defraud the Government of at leaſt thirty or forty *per cent.* of the ſtipulated payments. This they manage by ſtatements of approaching want, which they themſelves have occaſioned; by accounts of provincial works, which are never performed; by unjuſtifiable deductions, and by connivance at the defalcations of the managers.

The huſbandmen and Ryots dependent on theſe depredators (compared with whom the feudal Serfs were in a ſtate of freedom) are in their turn happy mortals, when contraſted with the weavers and manufacturers. If the former be plundered of their grain, the chaff at leaſt is left for their ſubſiſtence; but ſuch is the ſyſtem of commercial regulation that the wretched manufacturers have hardly a reſource. The Commercial Chief, to whom they are ſubject, and who, under the Committee of Trade and Manufacture, is charged with the buſineſs of inveſtment, aſſigns to all the portion of their labour,—by a ſmall advance pretends to an appropriation of their induſtry,—denies their right to uſe their ingenuity for their own advantage,—eſtabliſhes a ruinous monopoly, by the abuſe of power, and treats them as bondſmen toiling for his benefit. The conſequence is, deſertion among the weavers, a decreaſing inveſtment for the Company, enormous acquiſition for himſelf, and a fatal ſtagnation of all trade and manufacture throughout his diſtricts.

In Oude, Rohilcund, and all the upper countries within our influence, the natives are, if poſſible, ſtil more diſtreſſed. Various hordes have been driven to deſpair by hardſhip and exaction. They have aſſembled in formidable force, and menaced the whole country:——the huſbandman goes to the plough with a firelock over his ſhoulder, while the Government is too feeble to reſtrain theſe outrages, and too much depreſſed to afford relief.

If we truſt to our military on the Bengal eſtabliſhment for protection againſt theſe alarming enormities, we ſhall find, that entire

corps have exiſted on paper, who, excluſive of the Commandant and Staff, never had any exiſtence but on paper; and it will farther appear, that thoſe Sepoys who have a real exiſtence, are neither well diſciplined, nor regularly paid. The decreaſing produce of the country is conſumed by the utmoſt contrivance of profuſion; and ſo waſteful is the mode of contribution, that the country of Oude, period after period, has fallen into arrears, leaving the exhauſted Prince without means of ſupporting his government, or of maintaining his family.

A concurring cauſe of our miſchiefs in India, is, that the Supreme Board in Calcutta is ſtationary at the ſame time that it is paramount to all the other Preſidencies—their induſtry is by no means confined to Bengal and its adjacent provinces; they have an extended latitude of power: every other Board and Preſidency is ſubject to their ſway, and their controlling influence pervales the whole politics of India. Without diſcuſſing the merits of this unbounded interference, experience has evinced, that in its preſent modification, it has diſconcerted every meaſure of the other Governments, and ſunk them in the eſtimation of all neighbouring States; while the Supreme Board ſtationary in Calcutta has laboured under ſuch impediments of diſtance, local ignorance, and endleſs avocation, that in every inſtance where they have deſcended to ſuch interference, they have expoſed themſelves to public ridicule; and after marring the buſineſs beyond all chance of remedy, have been forced at laſt to throw it from themſelves upon the Preſidency, to which from habit, vicinity, and connection, it did of right belong.

If it be judged expedient to have a Supreme Board of India, in whom all the controlling powers of Government ſhall ultimately concentrate, in the name of common ſenſe let it be a Board of Circuit;—let it be a Board of Inſpection, as well as of Control, compoſed of Members from each Preſidency, detached from the embarraſſments and corruption of provincial regulation;—let it be a Board that can obſerve with impartiality, judge with accuracy, and act with vigour;—that can move to any ſpot in India, where public emergencies are moſt urgent, and call more immediately for its preſence. Thus, and thus only, can it become a Board of extended efficiency either to enforce obedience, reſtrain ſubordinate miſconduct, or unite in one connected ſeries the vaſt and complicated maſs of Indian affairs *.

Almoſt all the powers in India are our open or concealed enemies; the Mogul, the Nizam, the Mahrattas, the Affghans, Pitans, Doranies, Abdallahs, Condahars, Kaſhmirians, and other hordes of Muſſulmen who people the northern territories of Indoſtan:—All theſe latter are brave, warlike, impatient of peace, and eager of adventure; ſo unſettled is the preſent ſtate of all thoſe northern countries adjoining to Bengal, that any reſolute leader, black or white, of military reputation, might on the ſhorteſt notice raiſe an army of 100,000 men ready to follow him as long as he could feed and pay them. But theſe are inferior dangers when compared with the ſtrength and menacing condition of Myſore; the recent growth and warlike advancement of that State, exhibit a phenomenon unparalleled in Hiſtory—a mighty empire created from nothing by the ſuperior genius of one man.

Hyder Naick, or Hyder Ally, the ſon of a Killidar who commanded a fort of ſome ſtrength on the confines of Myſore, ſoon rendered himſelf ſuperior to all the other commanders in the Myſore ſervice. At the attack of the bloody Choultry on Seringham Iſland, mentioned in Mr. Orme's invaluable Hiſtory, he particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf, as well as on every other occaſion in which he either acted or adviſed. Without dwelling on the gradations of his conduct, in attaining confidence and elevation, it is enough to ſay that he roſe to be the Prime General and Chief Miniſter of his maſter. Clothed with the authority of theſe employments, and ſupported by his aſpiring talents, he ſoon left his Sovereign nothing but the name, and at laſt doomed him and his whole family to confinement, exhibiting them from time to time in great ſtate, to ſoothe and pleaſe the people, while he in fact transferred the ſceptre to his own hands.—He trained his peaceful ſubjects to the uſe of arms, by new modelling the military ſyſtem; by inviting all ranks of Moormen, Rajahpoots, and other warlike caſts, to join his ſtandard; by encouraging or rather alluring French and other Europeans to enter into his ſervice; and above all, by a courſe of ſevere and unremitting duty in the field. He attacked, and ſucceſſively ſubdued the numerous Polygars, Chiefs, and petty Rajahs, whoſe poſſeſſions lay within his reach. He extended his views againſt the countries

* "The preceding remarks on the condition of Bengal and its adjacent territories are not the reſult of perſonal obſervation, and therefore may be conſidered as leſs deſerving attention than thoſe which I have ventured to offer on the affairs of Coromandel. There is little doubt, however, conſidering the natural fertility of thoſe countries, that a mild and permanent adminiſtration might ſoon reſtore them to proſperity."

ſouth

ſouth of the Ghauts, as far as the confines of Tritchinopoly and Madura, on the Malabar coaſt. He reduced the Zamorin or Sovereign of Calicut, the Rajah of Paligat, the other Malabar Rajahs, and rendered the Rajah of Cochin tributary to his Circar. He conquered Beddanore, Goutty, and Chitteldroog; the countries of Cudapah, Kanoul, and Savanore; thus extending his dominions as far north as Goa on the Malabar ſea, and acroſs the peninſula to the country of Palnaud and Ganjam, on the coaſt of Coromandel.

With theſe, and other interior acquiſitions, the Rajahſhip of Myſore grew into a powerful ſtate, 400 miles in length from north to ſouth, and near 300 miles in breadth from eaſt to weſt, with a population of many millions; an army of 300,000 men, and 5,000,000*l.* of annual revenue. Theſe atchievements were the reſult of intrepid perſeverance. He next ventured to try his ſtrength with the Marattas and with the Engliſh;—though he could not vanquiſh them, yet he increaſed in ſelf-confidence and public eſtimation. His very failures he turned to account, and, like Czar Peter, ſubmitted to be worſted, that he might learn to be ſuperior.

During the long interval of peace with the Engliſh, from 1769 to 1780, the improvement of his country, and the ſtricteſt executive adminiſtration, formed the conſtant objects of his care. Under his maſterly control, they attained a perfection never heard of under any other Indian Sovereign; the huſbandman, the manufacturer, and the merchant, proſpered in every part of his dominions; cultivation increaſed, new manufactures were eſtabliſhed, and wealth flowed into the kingdom. But againſt negligence or malverſation he was inexorable. The Renters, the Taxgatherers, and other officers of revenue, fulfilled their duty with fear and trembling; for the ſlighteſt defalcation was puniſhed with the chaubuck *, or with death. He employed ſpies and intelligencers in every corner of his own dominions, and in every court of India; and he had other perſons in pay, who ſerved as checks upon them, and watched all their operations.

The minuteſt circumſtance of detail, the produce of a crop, the cultivation of a diſtrict, the portion paid to the Circar, and that reſerved to the inhabitants, were accurately known to him:—Not a movement in the remoteſt corner could eſcape him,—not a murmur or intention of his neighbours, but flew to him. It will hardly appear exaggeration to ſay, that he was acquainted with every ſpot, and almoſt with every perſon in his empire, when we conſider that he was in a continued round of inſpection.—In his Durbar, during the hours of buſineſs, reports from all corners were received:—His ſecretaries ſucceſſively read to him the whole correſpondence of the day:—to each he dictated in few words the ſubſtance of the anſwer to be given; which was immediately written, read to him, and diſpatched.

On his right and left hand, during theſe hours, were placed bags of gold and ſilver; out of which, thoſe who brought him intelligence were rewarded by one or more handfuls of coin, proportioned to their deſerts; he was acceſſible to all: every horſeman or ſepoy, that wanted to enter his ſervice, was inſpected by himſelf; every Jemidar, or officer of any note, was intimately known to him. His troops were amply paid, but not a fraction was loſt. Thoſe who ſupplied his camps, garriſons and cantonments, were all under ſuch contribution, that almoſt the whole military diſburſements reverted to his treaſury. There was no contractor bold enough to hazard a public impoſition. There was no commander ingenious enough to ſcreen inability or diſobedience, nor a defaulter that could elude detection. He poſſeſſed the happy ſecret of uniting minuteneſs of detail with the utmoſt latitude of thought and enterpriſe. As his perſeverance and diſpatch in buſineſs were only equalled by his pointedneſs of information, ſo his conciſeneſs and deciſion in the executive departments of a great government, are probably unprecedented in the annals of men. Conſcious from experience of his own ability, and of the weakneſs and diſtraction of the Engliſh, he planned their extirpation from India. He ſummoned all the native powers to join his cauſe:—they heſitated. He determined to act alone—and conquered the Carnatic.

His death, in December 1782, left the accompliſhment of his farther deſigns to his ſon and ſucceſſor Tippoo Sultaun, to whom he bequeathed an overflowing treaſury, which he had filled,—a powerful empire, which he had created,—and an army of 300,000 men, whom he had formed, diſciplined, and enured to conqueſt.

[*To be continued.*]

* The chaubuck is an inſtrument for ſcourging criminals.

The

The London Medical Journal for the Year 1787, Part the Third. 8vo. Johnſton.

(*Concluded from* Vol. XII. *page* 388.)

2. ACCOUNT of a Caſe, in which a conſiderable Portion of the loweſt Jaw-bone was removed; to which are added ſome Remarks on the Effects produced by Matter formed in the Socket of a Tooth, and confined there. By Mr. Joſeph Brandiſh, Member of the Corporation of Surgeons of London, and Surgeon at Alceſter in Warwickſhire. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Johnſtone, Phyſician at Worceſter; and by him to Dr. Simmons.

This is a very curious hiſtory of a boy five years old who had a ſore mouth, commonly called a canker. In the courſe of five months almoſt the whole of one ſide of the lower jaw became looſe, and was extracted by the ſurgeon. An engraving of it is given in the work. The boy did well, and is ſaid to be not the leaſt diſfigured. Mr. Brandiſh adds ſome remarks on diſeaſes of the gums and ſockets of the teeth, which tend to corroborate ſome of the opinions maintained by Mr. Hunter in his late publication on the venereal diſeaſe.

3. Additional Remarks on the ſuppoſed Influence of the Moon in Fevers. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Robert Jackſon, M. D. Phyſician at Stockton.

This is a paper of conſiderable ingenuity, and, in reply to ſome objections offered in a former Journal to the author's doctrine by Dr. Lind, affords additional arguments in favour of a lunar influence in fevers.

4. Caſe of a Rupture of the Tendo Achillis. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. John Rodbard, Surgeon at Ipſwich.

In this paper the author deſcribes a method of treating accidents of this kind, which ſeems to be a conſiderable improvement in ſurgery. It conſiſts in keeping the foot in its natural poſition, inſtead of confining it to an extended poſture, as hath been hitherto the practice.

5. An Account of a Peculiarity of Viſion in a Girl at Eaſt Dereham in Norfolk. Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by Mr. J. S. Webſter, Surgeon at Eaſt Dereham.

This account is ſo curious, that we are induced to give it to our readers in the author's own words.

HELEN BUNNETT, or, as ſhe is commonly called, the *owl-eyed girl*, is thirteen years old, of a fair complexion, with brown hair, and has all her life enjoyed a good ſtate of health. She was born in a workhouſe belonging to Eaſt Dereham, in the county of Norfolk; but is now ſupported in a Houſe of Induſtry belonging to the hundreds of Milford and Launditch, in the ſame county.

This girl has from her infancy laboured under a peculiarity of viſion. What particularly ſtrikes one's attention, on her entering a room in the day-time, is, her looking towards the ground, and her eyes appearing, as it were, ſunk in her head; ſo much ſo, that the whole ball of the eye ſeems loſt within its orbit, and of courſe the eyelid ſo covers it, that you would at firſt imagine the humours of the eye had eſcaped from their coats.

No appearance of diſeaſe is perceptible in the coats of the eye. The choroid is of a whitiſh or light grey colour. The iris is peculiarly perfect. The pupils are entirely black; and the appearance of each eye is the ſame.

I firſt put her faculty of viſion to the teſt by exhibiting large objects before her eyes, ſuch as a watch, a broad button, the key of a door, &c. Theſe ſhe certainly was able to diſtinguiſh, though with difficulty; and I obſerved that ſhe is very near ſighted.

I next offered to her bottles filled with medicines of different colours, ſuch as blue vitriolic water, vegeto-mineral water, and others; in attempting to diſtinguiſh theſe ſhe in general failed. I then preſented to her view ſmall objects, ſuch as a ſixpence, a ſhilling, pins, &c. but theſe ſhe could not diſcover at all.

Upon cloſing the windows, and darkening the room ſuddenly, I had my attention fixed upon her eyes, which inſtantly dilated, and the pupils became as perfect, and as large in proportion, as in any human body whatever; on the contrary, upon opening the windows as ſuddenly as I before had cloſed them, the pupils became inſtantly contracted, and the balls of the eyes appeared, as it were, ſunk. I then cloſed her eye-lids, and rubbed them frequently, but without obſerving any appearance of dilatation in the eyes. Having now again darkened the room ſo much that I could not myſelf diſtinguiſh objects, I had in readineſs the ſame bottles of medicines as before, and likewiſe ſome pieces of cloth of different colours that I had offered to her when the win-

dows

dows were not closed, and which she had then not been able to distinguish: but upon my again offering the same to her in the darkened room, I was agreeably surprised to find that she could tell me the colours of the different fluids in the bottles, as well as the quantities therein contained, and also the various colours of the cloths, excepting of those which we may term mixed cloths; and perhaps in these she failed not from a want of perception, but from not being sufficiently practised in the distinctions of complicated colours. I likewise took a pin, and having dropped it upon the ground, at a considerable distance from that part of the room where she stood, changed places with her, and desired her to look for the pin, which she very soon found. All the time the room remained darkened her eyes were fully dilated, and continued equally so, neither contracting nor increasing in their dilatation.

The expression of owl-eyed girl, which I have made use of, is not a term given to her by me, but is a distinction she goes by among the paupers in general in the house where she now is.

I lately asked her the following questions, which I shall give you, with her answers, as I minuted them upon the spot:

Q. "How is your eyesight when in the sun?

A. "I cannot then see in the least.

Q. "Are your eyes ever painful to you?

A. "They are very painful in summer and hot weather.

Q. "In what direction do you look when you wish to distinguish any thing?

A. "From the corners of my eyes, as one cross-eyed."

She has informed me likewise, that she can distinguish objects as well by moonlight, or in the twilight, as in the dark.

This Part of the Journal concludes, as usual, with a Catalogue of New Medical Books.

Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry, with Remarks by Henry Headley, A. B. 2 vols. 12mo. 8s. Cadell. 1787.

[From a CORRESPONDENT.]

IT has been for some time too common a practice to mangle the works of our later poets, and publish them by piecemeal under the appellation of Beauties. The work before us is of a different description, as it contains selections from the more ancient English writers, many of whom have been long consigned to neglect and obscurity. It is evident from Mr. Headley's Extracts, that their unpopularity does not proceed from their want of merit. So far indeed is Mr. H. from being of that opinion, that in the course of estimating their value under the different heads of *language*, *versification*, *style*, *sentiment*, and *imagery*, he expresses his preference of them to the more modern votaries of the Muses. "He grounds this predilection on their originality and immediate imitation of nature, from whose eventful and important pages they transcribed more or less according to their necessities. Succeeding bards have adopted much, and added little; have distorted, frittered away, and sometimes totally new vamped the ideas of their predecessors. To a process not very dissimilar to this (says Mr. H.) I am inclined to attribute the frequent lifelessness of modern poetry, which too often resembles an artificial nosegay, the colours of which though splendid are yet tawdry, and heightened far beyond the modesty of nature, without any pretensions to fragrance; while that of a century and a half back, appears as a garland fresh from the gardens of nature, and still moist and glittering with the dews of the morning."

The Biographical Sketches prefixed to the Select Pieces relate to Beaumont, Browne, Cartwright, Corbet, Carew, Crawshaw, Daniel, Drummond, Davenant, Drayton, the Fletchers, the Earl of Surry, King, Lovelace, May, Nicols, Quarles, Raleigh, Lord Buckhurst, Warner, Sir H. Wooton, and Sir T. Wyat.—Among the chorus of "*bards of other times*," whom Mr. H. has thus introduced, we are glad to find that Drummond has gained admittance. It would certainly have been unfair to have excluded so elegant and tender a writer, because he was born on the other side of the Tweed. To our readers we think no apology necessary for introducing one of his sonnets, and an extract from Fletcher's Purple Island, by way of specimens of the Select Beauties.

SONNET.

WHAT doth it serve to see Sunnes burning face?
And skies enamell'd with both Indies gold?
Or moon at night in jetty chariot roll'd?
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve Earth's beaute to behold?
The mountains pride, the meadows flowrie grace;
The statelie comelinesse of forrests old,
The sport of flowds which wou'd themselves embrace?

What

What doth it ſerve to hear the Sylvans ſongs,
The wanton mearle, the nightingalle's ſad ſtraines,
Which in darke ſhades ſeeme to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth ſerve all that this world containes,
Sith thee for whom thoſe once to me were deare,
No part of them can have now with me heare?

DRUMMOND.

THE SHEPHERD's LIFE.

I.

THRICE, oh thrice happie Shepherd's life and ſtate,
When courts are happineſſe unhappie pawns!
His cottage low, and ſafely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune with her ſcorns and fawns:
No feared treaſon breaks his quiet-ſleep:
Singing all day his flocks he learns to keep;
Himſelf as innocent as are his ſimple ſheep.

II.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their threed
Draw out their ſilken lives; nor ſilken pride:
His lambes warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture di'd:
No emptie hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
No begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But ſweet content exiles both miſerie and ſpite.

III.

Inſtead of muſick and baſe flattering tongues,
Which wait to firſt ſalute my lord's uprize;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early ſongs,
And birds ſweet whittling notes unlock his eyes:
In country playes is all the ſtrife he uſes,
Or ſing or dance unto the rural muſes
And but in muſics ſports all difference refuſes.

IV.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thouſand ſweets and rich content:
The ſmooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With cooleſt ſhades till noon-tides rage is ſpent:
His life is neither toſt in boiſterous ſeas
Of troublous world, nor loſt in ſlothful eaſe:
Pleas'd and full bleſt he lives, when he his God can pleaſe.

V.

His bed of wool yeelds ſafe and quiet ſleeps,
While by his ſide his faithful ſpouſe hath place:
His little ſonne into his boſome creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble houſe or ſtate torment him;
Leſſe he could like, if leſſe his God had ſent him.
And when he dies green turfs with graſſie tombe content him.

12 Cant. *Purple Iſland*, St. 2—6.

By PH. FLETCHER. Ed. 1633.

It may be remarked, that moſt of the ſelections are of a ſombrous and melancholy caſt. When Mr. H. ſhall make good his promiſe of publiſhing again, we hope that he will turn his attention to effuſions more enlivening and gay.

It is a tireſome though ſometimes a fortunate employment to ſearch for cornelians among the pebbles on the ſea-ſhore. Similar is the taſk of him who pores over the pages of black-letter and obſolete books in queſt of poetical beauties. Mr. H. has been lucky enough to ſucceed in his reſearches, which appear to have been very minute and extenſive. Induſtry and taſte are very conſpicuous in theſe volumes, which are calculated to afford high entertainment to all thoſe who are fond of the ſimple and genuine flowers of Parnaſſus.

Strictures on Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton's "Hiſtory of the Campaigns of 1780 and 1781 in the Southern Provinces of North-America." Wherein military Characters and Corps are vindicated from injurious Aſperſions, and ſeveral important Tranſactions placed in their proper Point of View. In a Series of Letters to a Friend. By Roderick Mackenzie, late Lieutenant in the Seventy-firſt Regiment. To which is added, a Detail of the Siege of Ninety-Six, and the Recapture of the Iſland of New-Providence. 8vo. 4s. Boards. Faulder. London, 1787.

THE attacks of Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton will, probably, ever be treated with ſilent contempt by Earl Cornwallis, Lord Rawdon, and others; but the author of the work before us appears to be a diſintereſted volunteer in their defence, as well as thoſe of his brother officers and ſoldiers, upon whom reflections have been made.

He ſeems to have been actuated with a

juſt

juſt reſentment for "*wanton attacks*;" but this reſentment does not betray him intoany ſtrains of ſcurrility.—He expreſſes himſelf ſometimes with a warmth which, on his ſubject, is not unnatural; but, at the ſame time, he conducts himſelf with an officer-like delicacy, on the whole. Indeed, no vehemence of ſtile could be half ſo ſevere, as the plain facts which are on very many occaſions oppoſed to he reaſoning and aſſertions of Colonel Tarleton.

Mr. Mackenzie, though his ſtyle is not always ſtrictly correct and grammatical, yet on the whole writes with propriety, perſpicuity, and eaſe; and conveys his ideas to the minds of his readers with equal vigour and preciſion, which is his object, but which is, indeed, the firſt quality of ſtyle and manner in compoſition. We meet with frequent ſallies of humour in this writer. For example: Having enumerated names and actions which a gentleman who undertook to write an Hiſtory of the Southern Campaigns of 1780 and 1781 ſhould have known and recorded, he ſays, [p. 29.] "But let us follow our author to his own atchievements, where no charge of omiſſion can poſſibly be brought againſt him."—Having ſpecified eight different places in Colonel Tarleton's publication in which, although he often paſſes by the death and wounds of brave officers, he mentions the numbers of killed and wounded horſes, Mr. Mackenzie very juſtly obſerves, that "from ſuch anxiety in our author, not to omit recording the ſmalleſt loſs ſuſtained by his own corps, this reflection naturally occurs, that the fall of HORSES in actions wherein he was concerned is entitled to a preferable attention in his work, to officers of equal, perhaps ſuperior merit to himſelf, who ſuffered upon other occaſions."

ANECDOTES of Mr. MACKENZIE, Author of "Strictures on Colonel TARLETON's Hiſtory."

THE Author of theſe Strictures owes his birth, and the firſt rudiments of his education, to the moſt northern extremity of this iſland. He, with many other of the deſcendants of thoſe who had attached themſelves to the cauſe of an unfortunate family, became a ſoldier of fortune on the commencement of the late war.

In the year 1776, a riffle-gun of peculiar ingenuity was conſtructed by Captain Ferguſon of the 70th regiment; its utility was proved by repeated trials before his Majeſty; and the command of one hundred picked men conferred on the inventor, with which he embarked for America. To this ſelect corps the author attached himſelf, and early was diſtinguiſhed by his patron.—The manner in which he laments the death of Ferguſon, in the work before us, ſhews that gratitude is one of his virtues.

The activity and ſervices of Ferguſon and his corps met with proper attention from the Commander in Chief, and our author was provided for in the Line.

During the war in the Southern Colonies we find him always in the field, and, unfortunately for Lieutenant Colonel Tarleton's fame as an hiſtorian, frequently under his command. From ſeveral wounds received at Cowpens he returned to Camden—and his dedication expreſſes his ſenſe of the humanity he experienced there from Lord Rawdon, as well as his ideas of his Lordſhip's military talents. When he recovered from theſe wounds, he was appointed to a public department in Charleſtown by Colonel Balfour the Commandant, was employed in confidential ſervices, and though under the ſanction of a flag of truce, made priſoner by the Count de Graſſe; but being releaſed by General Waſhington, he was again publicly employed in Charleſtown. On that place being abandoned, he returned with a remnant of the regiment to which he belonged to this country, where peace was juſt proclaimed.—War ſtill raged in India:—thither, having obtained his Majeſty's permiſſion, he bent his courſe; where peace being alſo ſoon reſtored, he travelled from Bombay to Bengal, and returned to Europe. He is now from an active ſoldier become a peaceful citizen, and, as far as we can learn, engaged in a tolerably extenſive buſineſs in the wine trade.

THE STREATHAM ALBUM: OR, MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.

(*Continued from Vol.* XII. *Page* 478.)

No. V.

NO ſooner had the rolling wheels of the Marquis of Lanſdown's carriage announced his departure, than the toil of criticiſm was begun. His ODE to SINCERITY, inſerted in the laſt Number of theſe *Extracts*, was received with much and various animadverſion. The concluding compliment to the eloquence

eloquence of Lord Sydney, and the *purity* of Mr. Eden, was particularly noticed. Some contended that it was literally meant; while others, knowing the peculiar *forte* of the noble Marquis, received it as a ſpecimen of his incomparable *irony*. The diſpute was referred to Mr. Wilkes, who, taking in the whole room with a *ſingle glance*, ſaw which way the majority were inclined, and declared it to be as literal truth—as ever the noble Marquis ſpoke on a *public* occaſion.

Par nobile fratrum! exclaimed Mr. Drake, jun. at this inſtant; when the company turning round, ſaw Lord *Hawkſbury* and Mr. *Grenville* enter hand in hand, bearing their joint contribution to the ALBUM.—A momentary ſmile took place on obſerving a ſtrange contraſt in the appearance of this *poetic pair*;—the one, "a muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin;" the other, chubby, robuſt, and corpulent, particularly towards the *lower extremities*. The latter appeared like a well-fed Banker's Clerk; the former like an apprehenſive Poet preſenting a dedication.—But paſſing over any further deſcription, we ſhall haſten to preſent their communication, in the following Dialogue:

Hawkſb. YE ſwains of Windſor's heights begin the ſong,
Grenv. Ye nymphs around Whitehall attune the lay;
H. To courtly themes ſtill courtly ſtrains belong,
G. With ſuch we celebrate this feſtive day.
G. Say, ſhall we ſing of Royal G——'s praiſe?
Or ſhall we make *ourſelves* the dearer theme?
H. Thro' him we roſe—more grateful ſhall it ſeem,
To him the panegyric ſong to raiſe.

HAWKSBURY.

From *G*—— my ſtrain begins, whoſe actions bold
Shall fill each ear—wherever they are told;
From *G*—— Compaſſion's meek and general heir,
Whoſe Sheep and Subjects are his equal care.

GRENVILLE.

Me, too, he favors—he my Muſe inſpires,
And from her lips the thankful verſe requires;
Yet would ſhe riſe on *twice* as bold a wing,
If MULGRAVE had not *equal* cauſe to ſing.

HAWKSBURY.

Me, RICHMOND ſtill with glance indignant eyes,
When in the Houſe from crimſon'd ſeat I riſe;
But vain th' indignant glance on me ſhall prove,
While cheer'd by Royal Confidence and Love.

GRENVILLE.

See, BURGESS court for HASTINGS' fallen ſtate,
Whilſt SCOTT and NICHOLLS their dull tale repeat;
And humbled IMPEY bows with diſtant pray'r,
That Impudence like mine ſhould be my care.

HAWKSBURY.

If thankleſs for theſe favours e'er I feel,
Let ingrate friends each ſecret art reveal;
Let me be mock'd by mutes I now deſpiſe,
Nay, more—in my defence let ARDEN riſe!

GRENVILLE.

If e'er Ingratitude this boſom ſways,
May BURKE impeach me,—or may DUNDAS praiſe;
Stript too, at once, of perquiſite and place,
And curs'd with MARTIN's wit and MULGRAVE's face.

Of the ſtriking beauties of this production we ſhall only remark how happily the compliment is paid in the third ſtanza to the *paſtoral* character of the great perſonage alluded to. His expanded mind, it is well known, can readily paſs from adjuſting a *ſubſidy*, to regulate the price of *ſkimmed milk*; and from ſettling regimental *linings*, and *pocket-holes*, with a firſt Lord of the Admiralty, can paſs, by an eaſy tranſition, to enquire the price of a poppy-coloured *ribbon*:—We ſuppoſe, however, that it was merely the neceſſity of the metre, which in the paſſage abovementioned cauſed the noble Poet to place the *ſheep* before the *ſubjects*.

It may alſo be neceſſary to remark on the delicacy with which Mr. Grenville, in the fourth ſtanza, inſinuates a complaint, that he is only *joint* Paymaſter of the forces; and his ſpleen againſt the noble Lord who ſhares that office, ſeems again to break out in the laſt line by the mention of a face ſo much reſembling the once celebrated *Heidegger*, of deformed memory.

We ſhall now paſs over ſome other compoſitions, which are not diſtinguiſhed by any prominent feature, to take notice of the production of an Honourable Baronet, who has lately given ſo much exerciſe to the riſibility of the Houſe of Commons; and we make no doubt, but much curioſity will be excited when we mention the name of Sir GREGORY PAGE TURNER.

O D E.

OH! thou who rul'ſt the parts of ſpeech,
Noun, Adjective, and Verb—come teach
My falt'ring tongue to join 'em.
Or if that boon I can't obtain,
Let not the pray'r prove quite in vain,
Say—whence ſhall I purloin 'am?
Goddeſs of Eloquence attend,
Ah! prove for once Sir *Gregory*'s friend,
And aid his ſtraying wit;—
So ſhall th' unmanner'd laughers ceaſe,
And he have leiſure ſo in peace
To *vote* and *vote* for PITT.

So,

So, like BEAUFOY, ſhall he declaim,
And pour along the tinkling ſtream
Of elocution bland;
His graceful perſon rais'd to view,
The ruffle ſeen—of whiteſt hue—
From Lady TURNER's hand.

Then Goddeſs—if intent to charm,
Thou e'er aſſume a mortal form,
And call at Portland-place,
There a rich offering ſhall be thine,
Rich—from my Lady's taſte and mine,
A ſuit of Flanders' lace.

There ſhall thy vot'ry own thy praiſe,
To thee the grateful altar raiſe,
And there the incenſe burn;
When he can ridicule defy,
And 'ſcape th' inſulting keen reply,
He'll laugh then—in his turn.

The Honourable Baronet was not contented with delivering this elegant production, but he inſiſted alſo on reading it to the company. The ſecond ſtanza was ſcarce finiſhed, when Mr. Dundas, who ſat behind him, laughed, and then threw the blame on an unfortunate *parrot*, which was placed in the corner of the room. The Baronet proceeded—another titter enſued—and the blame again fell on the ſame culprit.—A third interruption having taken place, Sir Gregory flew into a rage,—would certainly have wrung its neck off the unfortunate *parrot*, if Mr. Dundas had not good-naturedly interfered, archly obſerving at the ſame time,—"that it was a pity there ſhould be any diſpute where the nature of both parties was ſo perfectly *congenial*."

No. VI.

WE ſhould extend theſe extracts too far if we were to give in detail the various contributions which were ſucceſſively inſerted in the ALBUM; nor would the public derive much entertainment from peruſing a deſcription of the Scotch Boroughs by Mr. *Dundas*, though written in the ſtyle of *M'Pherſon*, and elucidated into obſcurity by the judicious notes of his friend Mr. *Ilay Campbell*—we beg his pardon—by the preſent *Lord Advocate* of Scotland.

Yet, that curioſity may not be entirely ungratified, we ſhall ſubjoin a ſhort extract copied *literatim* from the text of the Right Hon. Writer.

"Dark was the morne, and looring laked the ſun on the ungeelded hills. Bleak was the blaſt which came wheeſtling frae the north, and howled in the face of Henry, as he traverſed the plains of Fife. The angry ſpeerit of the waters poured cataracts frae the ſkies, and ſtreamed in dark torents along the hills. Yet the wanderer ſtill ſped him forward. Striking againſt the pointed rock, he fell, and as he fell—the bawbees reſounded in his pocket.

"Yet ſweeter was this deſolation to the ſoul of Henry, than the gauds of ſouthern cleemates. Rude though the proſpect lay—he aroſe—and went along rejoicing in the ſcene."

The *learned* Annotator on theſe ſublime deſcriptions gravely remarks, for the information of poſterity, that the above paſſage alludes to an incident which occurred to Mr. Dundas himſelf in his late viſit to Scotland, and quotes his countryman Mr. Boſwell, Sir John Hawkins, &c. in proof that *great men* may be allowed to narrate *little things*, particularly of themſelves. The mention of the "*bawbees*," his Lordſhip ſpeaks of as a moſt beautiful inſtance of what may be called the *minute deſcriptive*; and from the epithet "whiſtling" applied to the winds, he remarks, rather inappoſitely we muſt confeſs, that his Right Hon. friend is paſſionately fond of muſic; and that he is not only partial to his national muſic, played on that bewitching inſtrument the *bagpipe*, but ſpeaks alſo with rapture of the *notes* of *Rumboldi*, a *foreign compoſer!*

From the ſame principle of brevity, though we greatly felicitate ourſelves on the copiouſneſs of our fund—we ſhall paſs over—an ADDRESS to MERCURY, as the patron of *thieving* and *horſe-racing*, by his Grace the Duke of *Queenſbury*; the *Orators*, a *Rhapſody*, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Abingdon; and the TRIUMPH of the GRACES, a *Cantata*, though written with ſome luxuriance, and much approbation, by Lord *Maigrave*.

The next production which we ſhall notice, was occaſioned by an event rather unexpected at Streatham, we mean a viſit from Lord *Weſtcote* and Mr. *Minchin*. Theſe twin-models of firmneſs and integrity were received with his uſual politeneſs by the owner of the manſion; but Mr. Pitt was obſerved, immediately on their entrance, to *ſhuffle* out of the room with infinite *dexterity*. They received ſeveral compliments on their *converſion*, which a wicked wit—we believe it was Mr. Wilkes—compared to that of St. *Paul*. To perpetuate the memory of this *glorious* event, it was agreed to celebrate it by the following Ode. Mr. Roſe furniſhed the *muſic*. The poetry was contributed by the parties undermentioned.

O D E.

Strophe the firſt.—Lord *Weſtcote*.

Janus! attend thy vot'ry's pray'r!
Bring with thee all the changeful powers,
That rule the variegated hours,
And verſatile themſelves,—make ſuch their care:

Come from thy darkſome cells,
Where the *Cameleon* dwells,
Reflecting at thy feet his varied rays;
Do thou inſpire the Muſe,
Whatever ſtrain ſhe chuſe,
To thank this choſen few;
Teach us to pour the ardent lay
Which haply may repay
For their protecting ſmile the tribute due.
Then ſtern CONTEMPT ſhall hiſs in vain,
Or GRATITUDE complain,
And HONOUR's voice be loſt in SYDNEY's praiſe.

Chorus—*accompanied alternately by Kettle-drums and the Flute obligato,*
Huſhed be the ſeas
Whilſt WESTCOTE ſtrikes the lyre,
And in changeful lays,
Yet to the ſubject true,
We—as it is due—
With general voice proclaim his praiſe.

Antiſtrophe.—Mr. *Mincbin.*
'Tis done—the Inſpiration comes;
I feel,—I feel the genial flame.
Let trumpets ſound and kettle-drums,
Whilſt I proclaim
That PITT and *Prudence* are the ſame.
Long enrolled in weakened numbers,
Wrapt in deep politic ſlumbers,
I vainly thought INTEGRITY was *Fame.*
The generous impulſe long I thought to ſhare,
When Prudence * pluck'd me by the ear,
And pointed to the Treaſury-Gate,
Where jeſts and ſmiles prevail within,
The gratulation bland—the chuckling grin.
—Without—pale Envy ſighs,
And Hunger ſtares with eager eyes,
And Diſcontent and poor Dependance wait.
Then by the offices you bear,
By all the ſweets of Patronage and Place,
Indulge us with a ſhare,
And take repentant ſinners into grace,
Take——
Take us but *in*—we care not how or where.

Strophe the ſecond.—Lord *Mulgrave.*
Revolving in mine alter'd ſoul
The various turns of fate below,
From this firm breaſt a ſigh now ſtole,
And tears began to flow.
Thinking—Ah lamentable caſe,
I might perchance, like you, be out of place;
Then come, *regenerate* ſons of Grace,
Behind the Treaſury-Bench ye both ſhall ſit,
And own the *ſaving* powers of *Pitt*;
There to forget the wars you erſt did wage,
When the ſoug ſinecure quells your patriot rage,
And glad Expectancy ſhall end in place.

Antiſtrophe the ſecond.—Mr. *Wilberforce.*
Now ſtrike the changing lyre again,
A louder—yet a louder ſtrain!
Thus ſhould we celebrate the feſtive day,
And the event which brings our joy;
So Fox and *Friendſhip* ſhall in vain eſſay
The impulſe ſtrong of Intereſt to deſtroy.
Now bold Corruption high ſhall lift her head,
Whilſt Honour ſickens, Gratitude lies dead.

Let Eloquence pour forth her lore,
And lead Conviction in her train,—
Let Virtue try her energetic pow'r,
On SOULS reſolved like *theſe*, their efforts muſt be vain.

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE.

(*Continued from Vol.* XII. *p.* 484.)

LETTER XXIX.

To —— ——

Bond Street.

THERE is a certain pliability of the affections, my dear friend, which, with all its conveniencies, and I will acknowledge a thouſand, forms a wonderful charm in the human character.—To become a dupe to others, who are almoſt always worſe, and, very often, more ignorant than yourſelf, is not only mortifying to one's pride, but frequently deſtructive to one's fortune. Nevertheleſs there is ſomething in the very face, and, which is worſe, in the mind of ſuſpicion, of ſuch a deteſtable complexion and character, that I could never bear it; and whenever I have obſerved miſtruſt in the heart, I would never rap at the door of it, even to pay, if I could help it, a morning viſit, much leſs to take my lodging there.

* *Niger eſt, hunc tu Romane caveto.*

This ſort of cullibility moſt certainly lays you open to the deſigns of knaves and raſcals; and they are, alas! to be found in the hedges and highway ſides, and will come in without the trouble of ſending for them. The happy mean between mad good-nature and mean ſelf-love is of difficult attainment;—though Mr. Pope ſays, that Lord Bathurſt poſſeſſed it in an eminent degree, and I believe it. Indeed, it is for my honour that I ſhould believe it, as I have received much kindneſs, and many generous attentions from that venerable and excellent nobleman;—as I never poſſeſſed this happy quality myſelf, I can only recommend it to you, without offering any inſtructions on a duty, of which I cannot offer myſelf as an example.—This is not altogether clerical——I mean as clergymen do——but no matter.

—— B—— is exactly one of thoſe harmleſs, inoffenſive people, who never frets or fumes, but bears all his loſſes with a moſt Chriſtian patience, and ſettles the account in

* *Aurem vellit, & admonuit.* VIRG.

this

this manner, that he had rather lose any thing than that benevolence of disposition which forms the happiness of his life. But how will all this end?—for you know as I know, that when once you have won this good opinion, you may impose upon him ten times a day, if nine did not suit your purpose. The real friends of virtue, of honour, and what is best in the human character, should form a phalanx round such a man, and preserve him from the harpy plottings of sharpers and villains.

But there is another species of cullibility that I never can be brought to pity, which arises from the continual aim to make culls of others. It is not that gentle, confidential, unsuspicious spirit, which I have already hinted to you, but an overweening, wicked, insidious disposition, which by being continually engaged in the miserable business of deceiving others, either outwits itself, or is outwitted by the very objects of its own fallacious intentions.

There is not, believe me, a more strait way to the being a dupe yourself, than the resting your hopes or pleasure *in making dupes of others*.

Cunning is not an honourable qualification; it is a kind of left-handed wisdom, which even fools can sometimes practise, and villains always make the foundation of their designs:—but, alas! how often does it betray its votaries to their dishonour, if not to their destruction.

Though an occasional stratagem may be sometimes innocent, I am ever disposed to suspect the cause where it must be employed; for, after all, you will, I am sure, agree with me, that where artifice is not to be condemned *as a crime*, the necessity which demands it, must be considered *as a misfortune*.

I have been led to write thus *Socratically* from the tenour of your letter; though, if my paper would allow me, I would take a frisk, and vary the scene; but I have only room to add, that I dined in Brook-street last Sunday, where many gracious things were said of you, not only by the old folks, but, which is better, by the *young virgins*. I went afterwards, not much to my credit, to Argyle Buildings, but there were no virgins there. So may God forgive me, and bless you, now, and at all times.—Amen.

I remain,
Most truly and cordially,
Your's,
L. STERNE.

LETTER XXX.

To —— ——.

Coxwould, August 19, 1766.

AMONG your whimsicalities, my dear friend, for you have them as well as *Trisram*, there is not one of them which possesses a more amiable tendency than that gentle spirit of modern romance, which, hadst thou lived in days of yore, would have made thee the veriest Knight Errant that ever brandished a spear or wore a vizard.

The very same spirit that has led thee from hence to the Bristol fountain, for no other earthly purpose but to let a Physical Maiden lean upon thine arm, and receive the healing waters from thine hand, would, in a former age, have urged thee to traverse forests and fight with monsters, for the sake of some *Dulcinea* whom thou hadst never seen; or, perhaps have made a *red cross* knight of thee, and carried thee over lands and seas to Palestine.

For, to tell thee the truth, enthusiasm is in the very soul of thee; and, if thou wert born to live in some other planet, I might encourage all its glowing high-coloured vagaries; but, in this miserable, backbiting, cheating, pimping world of ours, it will not do, indeed, indeed, it will not.—And full well do I know, nor does this vaticination escape me without a sigh, that it will lead thee into a thousand scrapes, and some of them may be such as thou wilt not easily get out of; and, should the fortunes of thine house be shaken by any of them, with all thy pleasant enjoyments—What then? you may say: and I think I hear you say so—Why, thy friends will then love thee.

For if foul Fortune should take thy stately palfrey, with all its gay and gilded trappings, from beneath thee; or if, while thou art sleeping by moon-light beneath a tree, it should escape from thee and find another master; or if the miserable banditti of the world should plunder thee, I know full well that we should see thee no more; for thou wouldst then find out some distant cell, and become an hermit; and endeavour to persuade thyself not to regret thy separation from those friends who will ever regret their separation from thee.

This enthusiastic spirit is in itself a good spirit; but there is no spirit whatever—no, not a *terragant* spirit, that requires a more active restraint or a more discreet regulation.

And so we will go next spring, if you please, to the Fountain of *Vaucluse*, and think of *Petrarch*; and, which is better, apostrophise his *Laura*.—By that time, I have reason to think my wife will be there, who, by the bye, is not *Laura*;—but my poor dear *Lydia* will be with her, and she is more than a *Laura* to her fond father.

Answer me on these things, and may God bless you!

I remain, with the most cordial truth,
Your affectionate
L. STERNE.

ORIGINAL LETTER TO A FRIEND, FROM THE CELEBRATED Mr. POPE.

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

"DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 19, 1738.

"I OFTEN think of you, and am quite vexed at the diſtance we live at. It frets me to think I muſt be writing, to tell you how much I eſteem and love you, from time to time, when all the common proofs, the little offices and attentions of friendſhip, are intercepted between us, which ſo much better expreſs, and ſo much better reward and continue real affection. Half the life of my heart [if I may ſo call it] feels numb'd. I'm like one who has received a paralytick ſtroke, and is dead on one ſide, when half the friends that warmed me are abſent. I would fain have *you* ſee how happy I am in the acquiring my Lord Bolingbroke, tho' but for a few months. 'Tis almoſt like recovering one from the grave whom we gave for gone; however one can't expect to keep him long, one rejoices in the preſent moments.

"It ſeems hard that when two friends are in the ſame ſentiments, and wiſh the ſame things, they ſhould not be happy together: but *Habit* is the Miſtreſs of the World; and whatever is generally ſaid, has more ſway than *opinion*. Your's confines you to the Wolds of Yorkſhire, mine to the Banks of the Thames. And yet I think I have leſs dependance on others, and others leſs on me, than moſt men I have ever known; ſo that I ſhould be free. So ſhould a female friend of ours; but Habit is her goddeſs; I wiſh I could not ſay worſe, her *tyrant*. She not only *obeys* but *ſuffers* under her, and reaſon and friendſhip plead in vain. Out of Hell and out of habit there is no redemption.

"I hope the ſeaſon is now coming that drives friends together, as it does birds, into warm coverts and cloſe corners, that we may meet over a fire, and tell the ſtories of the year. Indeed the town hours of the day ſuit as ill with my ſtomach, as the wintry and dark nights do with my carcaſe, which I muſt either expoſe abroad, or ſit and blind my eyes with reading at home. I wiſh your eyes may grow no worſe; mine do, and make me more concerned for you.

"Take care of your health; follow not the feaſts (as I have done) of lords; nor the frolicks of ladies; but be compoſed, yet chearful; complaiſant, yet not a ſlave. I am with all truth and all affection,

Dear Sir, Your's ever,

"A POPE."

ESSAY *on* SNUFF-TAKING. *By* EARL STANHOPE.

EVERY profeſſed, inveterate, and incurable ſnuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes.

Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the noſe, and other incidental circumſtances, conſumes a minute and a half.

One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing ſixteen hours to a ſnuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten.

One day out of every ten amounts to 36 days and a half in a year.

Hence if we ſuppoſe the practice to be perſiſted in forty years, two entire years of the ſnuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his noſe, and two more to blowing it.

The expence of ſnuff, ſnuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs, will be the ſubject of a ſecond eſſay, in which it will appear, that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the ſnuff-taker as it does on his time; and that by a proper application of the time and money thus loſt to the publick, a fond might be conſtituted for the diſcharge of the national debt.

POETRY.

ODE for the NEW YEAR.

Written by the Rev. T. WARTON, Poet-Laureat.

I.

RUDE was the pile, and maſſy-proof,
That firſt uprear'd its haughty roof
On Windſor's brow ſublime, in warlike ſtate:
The Norman tyrant's jealous hand
The giant fabric proudly plann'd.
With recent victory elate,

"On this majeſtic ſteep, he cried,
A regal fortreſs, threatening wide,
Shall ſpread my terrours to the diſtant hills;
Its formidable ſhade ſhall throw
Far o'er the broad expanſe below,
Where winds yon mighty flood, and amply fills
With flowery verdure, or with golden grain,
The faireſt fields that deck my new domain!

An

And London's Towers, that reach the watchman's eye,
Shall see with conscious awe my bulwarks climb the sky."

II.

Unchang'd, through many a hardy race,
Stood the rough dome, in sullen grace;
Still on its angry front defiance frown'd:
Though Monarchs kept their state within,
Still murmur'd with the martial din
The gloomy gate-way's arch profound;
And armed forms, in airy rows,
Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
And blood-stain'd banners crown'd its hostile head:
And oft its hoary ramparts wore
The rugged scars of conflict sore;
What time, pavilion'd on the neighb'ring mead,
Th' indignant Barons rang'd in bright array
Their feudal bands, to curb despotic sway;
And league'd a Briton's birthright to restore,
From John's reluctant grasp the roll of freedom bore.

III.

When lo, the King that wreath'd his shield
With lilies pluck'd on Cressy's field,
Heav'd from its base the mouldring Norman frame:——
New glory cloath'd th' exulting steep,
The portals tower'd with ampler sweep;
And Valour's soften'd Genius came,
Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall
Of triumph through the trophied hall;
And War was clad awhile in gorgeous weeds;
Amid the martial pageantries,
While Beauty's glance adjudg'd the prize,
And beam'd sweet influence on heroic deeds.
Nor long, e'er Henry's holy zeal, to breathe
A milder charm upon the scenes beneath,
Rear'd in the wat'ry glade his classic shrine,
And call'd his stripling quire to woo the willing Nine.

IV.

To this imperial seat to lend
Its pride supreme, and nobly blend
British Magnificence with Attic Art;
Proud Castle, to thy banner'd bowers,
Lo! Picture bids her glowing powers
Their bold historic groupes impart:
She bids th' illuminated pane,
Along thy lofty-vaulted Fane,
Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.—
Still may such arts of Peace engage
Their Patron's care! But should the rage
Of war to battle rouse the new-born year,
Britain arise, and wake the slumb'ring fire,
Vindictive dart thy quick-rekindling ire!
Or, arm'd to strike, in mercy spare, the foe;
And lift thy thund'ring hand, and then withhold the blow.

INVOCATION to HORROR.

FAR be remov'd each painted scene!
What is to *me* the sapph're sky?
What is to *me* the earth's soft dye?
Or fragrant vales which sink between
Those velvet hills? Yes, there I see——
(Why do those beauties burst on me?)
Pearl-dropping groves bow to the sun;
Seizing his beams bright rivers run
That dart redoubled day:
Hope ye, vain scenes, to catch the mind
To torpid sorrow all resign'd,
Or bid my heart be gay?
False are those hopes!—I turn—I fly,
Where no enchantment meets the eye,
Or soft ideas stray.

HORROR! I call thee from the *mould'ring tower*,
The *murky church yard*, and *forsaken bower*,
Where 'midst unwholesome damps
The vap'ry gleamy lamps
Of *ignes fatui* shew the thick-wove night;
Where morbid MELANCHOLY sits,
And weeps, and sings, and raves by fits,
And to her bosom strains the fancied sprite.

Or, if amidst the arctic gloom
Thou toilest at thy sable loom,
Forming the hideous phantoms of Despair—
Instant thy grisly labours leave,
With raven wing the concave cleave,
Where floats, self-borne, the dense nocturnal air.

Oh! bear me to th' impending cliffs,
Under whose brow the dashing skiffs
Behold *Thee* seated on thy rocky throne;
There, 'midst the shrieking wild wind's roar,
Thy influence, HORROR, I'll adore,
And at thy magic touch, congeal to stone.

Oh! hide the moon's obtrusive orb,
The gleams of ev'ry star absorb,
And let CREATION be a moment thine!
Bid billows dash; let whirlwinds roar,
And the stern, rocky-pointed shore
The stranded bark back to the waves resign
Then, whilst from yonder turbid cloud
Thou roll'st thy thunders long and loud,
And lightnings flash upon the deep below,
Let the *expiring Seaman's* cry,
The *pilot's* agonizing sigh
Mingle, and in the dreadful chorus flow!

HORROR! far back thou dar'st thy reign;
Ere KINGS th' *historic page* could stain
With

With records black, or deeds of lawleſs power;
Ere empires *Alexanders* curſt,
Or faction mad'ning *Cæſars* nurſt,
The frighted World receiv'd thy aweful dower!

Whoſe pen JEHOVAH'S ſelf inſpir'd:
He, who in eloquence attir'd,
Led *Iſrael's ſquadrons* o'er the earth,
Grandly terrific, paints thy birth.
Th' ALMIGHTY 'midſt his fulgent ſeat on high,
Where glowing *Seraphs* round his footſtool fly,
Beheld the wanton cities of the Plain,
With acts of deadly name his laws diſdain;
He gave th' irrevocable ſign,
Which mark'd to man the hate divine;
And ſudden from the ſtarting ſky
The Angels of his wrath bid fly!
Then HORROR! *thou* preſidedſt o'er the whole,
And fill'd, and rapt, each ſelf-accuſing ſoul!
Thou didſt aſcend to guide the burning ſhow'r—
On THEE th' Omnipotent beſtow'd the hour!

'Twas thine to ſcourge the ſinful land;
'Twas thine to toſs the fiery brand;
Beneath thy glance the temples fell,
And mountains crumbled at thy yell.
ONCE MORE thou'lt triumph in a fiery ſtorm;
ONCE MORE the Earth behold thy direful form;
Then ſhalt thou ſeek, as holy prophets tell,
Thy *native throne* amidſt th' *eternal ſhades of* HELL!

ANNA MATILDA.

O D E

To Mrs. SIDDONS.

THEE *Queen of Paſſion* ſhall my proud Verſe hail,
Illuſtrious SIDDONS! ſhould I go,
Whether to *Zembla's* waſte of ſnow,
Or *Ætna's* cavern'd height, or *Tempe's* vaunted vale;

Or where on *Caucaſus* the fierce ſtorm blows,
Or near the violated flood
Of *Ganges*, bluſhing oft with blood;
Or where his rainbow arch loud *Niagara* throws,

For, not th' exulting Monarch on his throne,
Tho' grateful nations round him bow,
Is more a Potentate than Thou.
Feeling, and Senſe, and Worth, and Virtue, are thy own;

And e'en thy pow'rful ſpell the ſoul can ſway:
While *Sympathy* with melting eye,
Hangs on thy boſom's fervid ſigh,
And finds th' unbidden tear down her hot cheek to ſtray.

Lo! at thy voice, from ſolitary cave,
With hair erect, peeps forth *pale* FEAR,
Nor will he longer wait to hear,
But flies with culprit haſte a viſionary grave.

Amongſt the hollow mountain's ſhadowy cells,
Dark-brow'd REVENGE, that ſtrangely walks,
And to himſelf low-mutt'ring talks,
While with convulſive throb his breaſt unfated ſwells.

And *gelid* HORROR in the haunted hall,
That with dread pauſe, and eye ſtretch'd wide,
Marks the myſterious ſpectre glide,
Nor dare his flagging knees obey the Phantom's call.

And *loſt* DESPAIR with deſolating cry,
That head-long darts from ſome tall tow'r,
On fire at thick night's ſaddeſt hour,
When not a watchman wakes, and not an aid is nigh.

Theſe all are thine—and *barefoot* MADNESS too,
Dancing upon the flinty plain,
As tho' 'twere gay to ſuffer pain,
That ſees his tyrant Moon, and raving runs to woo.

Alike the mild, benevolent deſires,
That wander in the penſive grove,
Pity, and generous-minded Love,
To thrill thy kindred pulſe, ſhoot their electric fires.

Ah! let not then my fond admiring Muſe
Reſtrain the ardor of her ſong,
In ſilent wonder fix'd ſo long,
Nor thou! from humble hands the homage meet refuſe.

And I will haſten oft from ſhort repoſe,
To wake the lily, on moiſt bed
Reclining meek her folded head;
And chaſe with am'rous touch the ſlumber of the roſe.

Then will I bathe them in the tears of morn,
That they a freſher gale may breathe,
Then will I form a votive wreath,
To bind thy ſacred brows,—to deprecate thy ſcorn.

But ſhouldſt thou ſtill diſdain theſe proffer'd lays,
Which choak'd alas! with weedy woe,
Like yon dull ſtream can ſcarcely flow—
Take from BRITANNIA'S HARP *the Triumph of thy Praiſe.*

DELLA CRUSCA.

To INDIFFERENCE.

OH Nymph, long fought, of placid mien,
With careleſs ſteps, and brow ſerene!
I woo thee from the tufted bowers,
Where liſtleſs paſs thy eaſy hours——
Or, if a *Naiad* of the ſilver wave
Thou rather lov'ſt thy purly limbs to lave
In ſome clear lake, whoſe faſcinating face
Lures the ſoft willow to its pure embrace;
Or, if beneath the gelid rock
Thy ſmiles all human ſorrows mock,
Where'er thou art, in earth or air,
Oh! come, and chaſe the *fiend* DESPAIR!

Have I not mark'd thee on the green
Roving, by *vulgar* eyes unſeen?
Have I not watch'd thy lightſome dance
When evening's ſoften'd glows advance?
Dear Goddeſs, yes! and whilſt the ruſtic's mirth
Proclaims the hour which gives wild gambols birth;
Supine, I've found thee in the elm-row's ſhade,
Lull'd by the hum returning bees have made,
Who chary of their golden ſpoils
Finiſh their fragrant, roſy toils
With reſt-inviting, ſlumb'rous ſong;
As to their waxen couch they throng.

Chaſte Nymph! the Temple let me ſeek
Where thou reſid'ſt in luſtre meek;
My future life to thee I give——
Irradiate ev'ry hour I live!
'Tis true no *glowing bliſs* thy vot'ries know,
From thee no *poignant extacy* can flow;
But oh! thou ſhield'ſt the heart from rankling pain,
And Miſery *ſtrikes*, when bleſs'd with thee, in vain;
Wan *Jealouſy*'s empoiſoning tooth,
And *Love*, which feeds upon our youth,
And holy *Friendſhip*'s broken tie,
Ne'er dim the luſtre of thy eye.

For thee, it is all Nature blooms,
For thee, the Spring new charms aſſumes,
Nor *vainly* flings her bloſſoms round,
Nor *vainly* bids her groves reſound;
Her muſic, colours, odours, all are thine,
To thee her months their richeſt gifts conſign;
To thee the morn is bright, and ſweet the ray
That marks the progreſs of the ſinking day;
Each change is grateful to thy ſoul,
For its *fine taſte* no woes controul,
The powers of Nature, and of Art,
Alike entrance the eaſy heart.

And oh! beneath thy gentle dome
Which the *calm* comforts make their home,
That cruel imp is never found
Whoſe fame ſuch idle ſongs reſound——
Dread SENSIBILITY!—Oh! let me fly
Where Greenland darkneſs drinks the beamy ſky,
Or where the Sun, with downward torrid ray
Kills, with the barb'rous glories of the day!
I'd dare th' exceſs of ev'ry clime,
Graſp ev'ry evil known by time,
Ere live beneath that witch's ſpells,
With whom no *laſting* pleaſure dwells.

Her lovely form deceives the heart,
The tear for ever prompt to ſtart,
The tender look, the ready ſigh,
And ſoft emotion always nigh;
And yet *Content* th' inſidious fiend forbids——
Oh! ſhe has torn the ſlumbers from my lids;
Oft rous'd my torpid ſenſe to living woe,
And bid chill anguiſh to my boſom grow.
She ſeals her prey!—in vain the Spring
Wakes rapture, thro' her groves to ſing;
The roſeate Morn's hygeian bloom
Fades down, *unmark'd*, to evening's gloom,

Oh SENSIBILITY! thy ſceptre ſad
Points where the *frantic glances* proclaims THE MAD!
Strain'd to exceſs, Reaſon is chain'd thy ſlave,
Or the poor Victim ſhuns thee in the grave;
To thee each crime, each evil owes its birth,
That in gigantic horror treads the earth!

SAVAGE UNTAM'D! ſhe ſmiles to drink our tears,
And where's no *ſolid ill*, ſhe wounds with *fears*;
Riots in ſighs, is ſooth'd when moſt we ſmart——
Now, whilſt the guides my pen, her PANG's within my heart.

ANNA MATILDA.

O D E

To DEATH.

THOU, whoſe remorſeleſs rage
Nor vows nor tears aſſuage,
TRIUMPHANT DEATH!—to thee I raiſe
The burſting notes of dauntleſs praiſe!—
Methinks on yonder murky cloud
Thou ſit'ſt, in majeſty ſevere!
Thy regal robe a ghaſtly ſhroud!
Thy right arm lifts the inſatiate ſpear!
Such was thy glance, when, erſt is o'er the plain
Where Indus rolls his burning ſand,
Young Ammon led the victor train,
In glowing luſt of fierce command:
As, vain he cried with thundering voice,
"*The World is mine!*—*Rejoice, rejoice!*
"*The World I've won!*—Thou gav'ſt the withering nod,
Thy FIAT ſmote his heart,—he ſunk,—a ſenſeleſs clod!
"*And art thou great?*——Mankind replies,
With ſad aſſent of mingling ſighs!
Sighs that ſwell the biting gales
Which ſweep o'er Lapland's frozen vales!

And the red Tropics' whirlwind heat
Is with the ſad effent replete!
How fierce you tyrant's plumy creſt!
A blaze of gold illumes his breaſt;
In pomp of threat'ning pow'r elate,
He manly dares to ſpurn at Fate!
But—when Night with ſhadowy robe
Hangs upon the darken'd globe,
In his chamber,—ſad,—alone,
By ſtarts, he pours the fearful groan!
From flatt'ring crowds retir'd—he bows the knee,
And mutters forth a pray'r—*becauſe* HE THINKS OF THEE

Gayly ſmiles the *Nuptial Bow'r*,
Bedeck'd with many an od'rous flow'r;
While the ſpouſal pair advance,
Mixing oft the melting gaze,
In fondeſt extacy of praiſe.
Ah! ſhort deluſive trance!
What tho' the feſtival be there;—
The rapt Bard's warblings fill the air;
And joy and harmony combine!
Touch but the taliſman, and *all is thine!*
Th' infenſate lovers fix in icy fold,
And on his throbbing lyre the Minſtrel's hand is cold!

'Tis THOU canſt quench the Eagle's ſight,
That ſtems the cataract of light!
Forbid the vernal buds to blow—
Bend th' obedient foreſt low—
And tame the monſters of the main.
Such is thy potent reign!
O'er earth, and air, and ſea!
Yet, art thou ſtill *diſdain'd by me*.
And I have reaſon for my ſcorn;—
Do I not hate the riſing morn;
The gariſh noon; the eve ſerene;
The freſh'ning breeze; the ſportive green;
The painted pleaſures' throng'd reſort;
And all the ſplendors of the court?
And has not *Sorrow* choſe to dwell
Within my hot heart's central cell?
And are not Hope's weak viſions o'er,
Can Love or rapture reach me more?
Then tho' I ſcorn thy ſtroke—I call *thee Friend*,
For in thy calm embrace my weary woes ſhall end.

DELLA CRUSCA.

VERSES

TO A NEW MARRIED LADY,

On the ANNIVERSARY of her BIRTH-DAY;

By a BENEDICK.

In Imitation of Dean SWIFT.

'THIS day oft may the Muſes tell
That I'm alive, and you are well!
And may it never once be told
That you are ſick, or I am old!
Although I'm twice as old, 'tis true,
And twice as ugly, too, as you;
Yet you and I may ſtill agree,
In ſpite of this diſparity,
Provided we but underſtand,
You to *obey*, I to *command*.
Nor is this eaſy, notwithſtanding
Our good and gracious underſtanding,
Unleſs we ſtudy, Lady Jane,
The good old rule, the *golden mean*;
I to your humours always kind,
And you to all my failings blind.
Your youth and beauty ſet aſide,
Your ſex's envy, and their pride,
In other points we're on a par,
Which will prevent each private jar.
I'll neither call you *love* nor *wife*,
Becauſe theſe words are oft at ſtrife;
Your wit, your humour, and your ſenſe
(Although ſometimes at my expence)
I muſt admire; if I may too
But have my joke as well as you:
To prove, at leaſt, 'twixt you and me,
That rival wits may ſtill agree;
And this, they ſay, no common caſe is,
A wicked pair will break the traces;
But you ſhall never ſee the day
That makes me grave, if you are gay;
And yet, I hope, this many a year
Good health to you, and me good *cheer*.
I'll give you up your own, good creature.
Good-ſenſe and ſpirit, with good-nature;
Good-humour, too, I'd gladly grant
If e'er I thought you were in want;
But, truly, I have none to ſpare,
For you have got the greateſt ſhare;
Nor am I now aſham'd to boaſt
That you deſerve to *rule the roaſt*;
Yet may I think (although you know it)
That you have too much ſenſe to ſhew it.
Contented thus I'll be your ſlave,
Provided you'll my credit ſave;
Call you for ſupper, or for dinner,
Say you're a ſaint, and I'm a ſinner;
Do as you pleaſe—but rule me ſo
That none who dine or ſup may know.
In ſhort, be you my *Major Domo*,
And I your moſt obedient *Homo*;
If ſacrificing ſenſe and ſpirit
Be in your eyes a mark of merit—
But you deſpiſe this humble part,
And hate a *Jerry* in your heart.
Let's then, in ſpite of Hymen's bands,
Each play into the other's hands:
And, unlike married man and wife,
Be happy ev'ry hour of life;
Be you for ever young and gay,
And I live long to ſing the day;
A ſelfiſh wiſh! but ſhall be ſung
Though I am old, and you are young:
With this wide difference between,
I *thirty-ſeven*, you *nineteen*.

Then

Then don't be angry with my diction,
Becauſe 'tis truth inſtead of fiction.
Farewell!—may all my wiſhes follow,
And I ſhall be your *great Apollo.*

CANDIDUS.

THOUGHTS

On Walking in ETON-COLLEGE.

'TWAS at the ſilent evening hour—
When Senſibility's ſoft pow'r
Had ſtill each wilder paſſion laid—
To ETON's walls I penſive ſtray'd.
There, as I trod her court around,
Nor human voice nor ſtep I found.
"*And ah!*" cried I, "*is this the place*
Which Poets have been fond to praiſe?
Where Science oft' has proudly rov'd?
The ſeat which every Muſe has lov'd?
Where WARRIORS, STATESMEN, COURTIERS, KINGS,
Learnt their firſt thought of Men and Things?
Where PATRIOTS *caught the generous flame,*
Which gave their deeds to deathleſs fame?
Where liſping Bards were learnt to ſing,
And taught their early vows to bring?"
"Ah, yes!—this ruſtic College ſhews
Where Sages, Bards, and Patriots roſe!
And ah!" in ſullen tone I ſaid,
As round her walls I penſive ſtray'd,
"Had Fortune heard my early claim,
I too might then have roſe to fame!
I might have join'd the Patriot band,
And, virtue-bound, walk'd hand in hand,
To ſtem Ambition's ſpreading way—
Or dark Corruption's haunts betray—
I might have roſe the ſword to wield,
And vict'ry led along the field:
Or (happier ſtill) through Science ſtray'd,
And every grace of mind diſplay'd."
Thus, as I diſcontented cried,
Methought a murmuring voice replied,
And ſeem'd, along the gloomy way,
In whiſpering friendly tone to ſay—
"Go, penſive youth, and learn to prize
What thoughtleſs minds too oft deſpiſe.
'Tis true—this ruſtic manſion ſhews
Where Warriors, Stateſmen, Courtiers roſe:
But caſt thy penſive eyes around,
See now how ſtill the hallow'd ground!
No noiſes wake th' attentive ear!
No gay-clad feet now wander here!
"Thus the ſweet Bard, whoſe gentle lay
Could charm diſtreſs and woe away—
The hero—whoſe ambitious ſoul
For conqueſt rov'd from pole to pole—
And others of a various name,
Who here firſt trod the path to fame,
Muſt all in ſolemn ſilence lay
Sad I as theſe dreary walls betray.
Learn, penſive mortal, then to know,
That rank or wealth are "paſſing ſhew,"
But virtue—to no ſtate confin'd—
Can bleſs the pooreſt, humbleſt mind!
As well the CHILD of *Fortune's frown,*
As him who ſparkles on a throne.
No clime can bound her gentle reign—
No tyrant laws her beams detain—
Nor time nor accident impair
The bliſs her favour'd vot'ries ſhare.
Go then—this moral maxim know,
Virtue is happineſs below!"

To MIRA, on her WEDDING-DAY.

By Mr. WEBB.

ASSUME, my Verſe, thy wonted art,
While all in expectation ſtand,
Canſt thou not paint the willing heart
That coyly gives the trembling hand?

Canſt thou not ſummon from the ſky
Soft Venus and her milk-white Doves?
Mark—in an eaſy yoke they fly,
An emblem of unſever'd loves.

Now, Mira, art thou pale with fear;
Look not, thou Sweetneſs, thus forlorn;
She ſmiles—and now ſuch tints appear
As ſteal upon the ſilver morn.

Quick, Hymen, to the temple lead;
Cupid, thy victory purſue:
In bluſhes roſe the conſcious Maid;
Truſt me, ſhe'll ſet in bluſhes too.

Well may the lover fondly gaze
On thy bright cheek, and bloom of youth,
Impatient of the calmer praiſe
Of ſweetneſs, innocence, and truth.

Yet theſe ſhall to thy lateſt hour,
Theſe only ſhall ſecure thy bliſs:
When the pale lip hath loſt its power,
Theſe ſhall give nectar to the kiſs.

To a LADY,

With a Preſent of POPE's Works.

By the Hon. CHARLES YORKE.

THE Lover oft to pleaſe ſome faithleſs dame,
With vulgar preſents feeds the dying flame,
Then adds a verſe—of ſlighted vows complains,
Whilſt ſhe—the giver and the gift diſdains.
Theſe ſtrains to thee no idle ſuit commend,
On whom gay loves with chaſte deſires attend;
Nor fancied excellence, nor amorous care,
Prompts to raſh praiſe, or feels with fond deſpair.
Enough, if the fair Volume find acceſs;
Then the great Poet's lays ſhall beſt expreſs;
Thy beauteous image there thou may'ſt regard,
Which ſtrikes with modeſt awe the meaneſt bard.

Sur

Sure had he living view'd thy tender youth,
The bluſh of honour, and the grace of truth,
Ne'er with Belinda's charms his ſong had glow'd,
But from thy form the lov'd idea flow'd;
His wanton ſatire ne'er the ſex had ſcorn'd,
For thee—by virtue and the muſe adorn'd!

STANZAS to the Memory of the late Mr. E. RACK.

By the Rev. R. POLWHELE.

GO then, benignant ſpirit, go,
And with congenial ſpirits reſt,
Eſcap'd from every earthly woe,
By friendſhip's holieſt wiſhes bleſt.
Merit, though ſnatch'd from mortal eye,
Lives to affection's memory dear;
And worth like thine ſhall claim a ſigh—
From all who knew thee claim a tear.
Oft with ſupreme delight I trace
Thy varied life, an active ſcene!
Or mark the friend of human race,
In ſickneſs and in death ſerene.
Though in thy humble birth was found
No flatt'ring hope of future fame;
And, circumſcrib'd in narrow bound,
The hamlet only knew thy name;
Yet what can * circumſcribe the ſoul?
Soon, with a ſpirited diſdain,
Thy genius ſpurn'd the baſe controul
Of fickle fortune's galling chain.
Untutor'd in the claſſic ſchool,
Thy native ſenſe could yet convey
To wandering youth each moral rule,
And guide them in the doubtful way.
Once too, thy breaſt the fav'ring Muſe
Saw with ambition's ardour warm;
But ſoon ſhe bade her fairy views
Cheat thy fond eye with fleeting charm:
Yet was the bright poetic bay
No longer to thy brows decreed;
Behold, thy labours to repay,
The wreath of truth thy nobler meed!
To ſpread each ſalutary art
By liberal plans, with ſkill deſign'd,
And in hiſtoric ſtrain impart
Some freſh inſtruction to the mind—
Theſe were thy aims! On theſe ſhall *Fame*
Thy beautiful memorial raiſe;
And *Gratitude* diffuſe her flame
Through many a heart in future days
And, frequent, as her ſteps retire.
Far from a world of pomp and ſtrife,
Religion ſhall, herſelf, admire
That evening mild, which clos'd thy life.
The *Virtues*, where thy relicks ſleep,
Shall oft, a penſive train, appear;
And meek *Simplicity* ſhall weep
Thy gentle manners, lingering there.
And there, while veil'd in lucid white,
Her boſom ſhall inceſſant heave,
Shall young *Sincerity* delight
To deck her MENTOR's honour'd grave!

L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

IF in that breaſt, ſo good, ſo pure,
Compaſſion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the ſorrows I endure;——
The cauſe—I muſt not—dare not tell!

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart;—that checks my tongue:
I fear will laſt me all my days;
But feel it will not laſt me long.

J. W. A.

Part of a very elegant POEM

By Mr. GREATHEAD:

Being PORTRAITS of Mrs. PIOZZI, Mr. MERRY, and Mr. PARSONS, at that time writing together, in Italy.

AS ſuch delights my fancy cheer'd,
A *Bard of Albion's Iſle* appear'd,
Who here had loiter'd down the day,
While ſixty moons had waned away;
And at his lyre's majeſtic ſound
The ſhepherd train would flock around,
Beneath a wood's extenſive ſhade,
Where many a fragrant zephyr play'd.

A *roving Nymph* ſo lightly trod,
She ſcarcely mark'd the velvet ſod,
And with her numbers charm'd the ear
Of liſt'ning Eve, who ſtay'd to hear!
Huſh'd was the lonely lover's flute!
The doleful nightingale was mute,
Whene'er ſhe ſtruck her Britiſh lyre
With Grecian force, and *Sappho's* fire!

Nor diſtant far a *Youth* reclin'd,
Whoſe wild harp warbled to the wind,
So ſoftly ſweet, ſo clearly ſtrong,
That *Arno's* ſelf admir'd the ſong.

And now with eager haſte I ſtrove
To join the Band that charm'd the grove.
But ah, my labour all was vain,
For adverſe powers my courſe reſtrain.
Confuſed at length my viſion grew,
Fantaſtic phantoms roſe to view;
Envy I ſaw, in yellow veſt,
Malignant, tear her ſhrivell'd breaſt;

* What fancied zone can circumſcribe the Soul? GRAY.

And

And there the ſullen race appear,
Who ſcorn the glowing verſe to hear;
Amaz'd, I found the tumult riſe,
And ſleep on haſty pinion flies.

To a LADY who ſaid ſhe pitied thoſe who lived under the EXTREMES of HEAT and COLD.

IF you that wretch's fate bemoan,
Who, doom'd by Heav'n, for ever glows
Beneath Arabia's burning zone,
Or freezes 'midſt Norwegian ſnows;

How ſhould you pity his diſtreſs,
Whoſe hapleſs lot, more hard than theirs,
(Oh hear it, Charlotte, and redreſs)
Each ſad extreme united ſhares.

Whilſt you, inſenſible to love,
Unmov'd receive my fond deſires;
Their different fates at once I prove,
Their coldneſs all, and all their fires.

Some years ſince a Gentleman of the name of BOND, of Bondvil, in the county of Armagh, died, and left in his Will, for a Dial to be erected on his Grave, with the following Inſcription:

NO marble pomp, no monumental praiſe;
My tomb this Dial, epitaph theſe lays;
Pride and low mould'ring clay but ill agree;
Death levels me to beggars, kings to me.
Alive, inſtruction was my work each day;
Dead, I perſiſt inſtruction to convey—
Hare, reader, mark (perhaps now in thy prime)
The ſtealing ſteps of never-ſtanding time:
Thou'lt be what I am; catch the preſent hour;
Employ that well, for that's within thy pow'r.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

EPILOGUE

To the AGREEABLE SURPRISE,

Written by MAJOR ARABIN,

And Spoken in the Character of Mrs. CHESHIRE, on 27th December, 1787.

ONCE more *Surpriz'd*—Agreeably I hope!
To find *fair* CHESHIRE give her humour ſcope—
Tho' CHESHIRE's not the *firſt* at ev'ry feaſt,
You men muſt ſurely prize a Dame ſo chaſte!
For on your *offers* had *ſhe* plac'd reliance,
Should I ſurprize or not?—by *her* compliance!—
"What would your Ladies ſay"—when home you go,
If I but told them half—of what I know?
Would jealous fears their anxious boſoms ſwell?
Or wonder ſeize, to find a woman!—tell?—
Let us ſuppoſe them on their downy bed,
And buſy Fancy there had CHESHIRE led,
Entwin'd in ſlumbers (where time ſwiftly flies)!
Suppoſe *me* caught:—would that be a *Surprize?*
Or ſnug between you both I took my place;
That—ſure would be a moſt *Surprizing* caſe!

'Tis known, the *Comic Muſe* we here explore,
Nor dares *Melpomene* approach this door;
No entrance here by either night, or day,
But to the pleaſant!—ſprightly!—witty!—gay!
This—their Aſylum;—here, a feſtive board
Gives hearty welcome from it's worthy Lord;
"* Great as his pleaſures then—is our delight,
"To ſee—two other Maſters here—to-night,
"Our grateful feelings burſts thro' all diſguiſe,
"For who don't *feel*——*The Agreeable Surprize.*"
There ſits our Prompter—ever ſure to pleaſe,
Becauſe he acts like *Garrick*——quite at eaſe.
† If *here* he courts the Nine, the Graces—
there ‡,
Yet he is ever *Our*—peculiar care,
None but the brave (you know) deſerve the Fair!
Unmov'd by change of *Uniforms, or Lace*—
The ſame his object *in*, or *out* of Place;—
Still may he ſpurn at Fortune's varying fate!
"As Hoſt!—as Manager!—as Statesman—Great."

* Omitted, and theſe Lines ſubſtituted.
"Great as his pleaſure—late was our delight,
"Hoping to ſee our fav'rite *Prince*—to-night:—
"The diſappointment, ſmiles cannot diſguiſe;
"We all unite in feeling—this Surprize."
† The Stage.
‡ The Audience,

On

On Times and Manners ſtill we cry out ſhame,
When we ourſelves are juſtly more to blame,
As Soldiers!—Actors!—ſtaving for a Name!

Thus *uſeful* Penſioners may keep the ſeat,
And *gentle* Beef-eaters may live—to eat!
While Guards of Horſe no more their way muſt carve,
But lounge without their arms!—and beg!—or ſtarve;

Yet *they* forget not Dettingen—where late
They beat your foes;—and chang'd a Monarch's fate:
But times are alter'd—*they* muſt now—retreat.

Your thoughts expreſſive ſpeak in all your eyes—
But none can judge my feelings!—or *Surprize!*
§ Yes, I've *Surpriz'd* you—juſt like Amſterdam,
Forc'd in the Guards—and thus I took you—ſlam!

From force alone each prudent Damſel flies;
But as a *Britiſh*—only dreads *Surprize.*
So cautious, therefore, am I lately grown,
(Tho' quite the Thing—am perfectly the Ton)
I ne'er ſtir out—except I've a *Chaperon.*

'Tis true my garb I change—but not my heart,—
And ſtrive to pleaſe alike in ev'ry part;—
As *Wilding*,—*Villamour*,—Iriſh,—or French,
As Man of Faſhion,—and as—tempting Wench;
Like *Proteus*, bent on pleaſing I'd ſurmiz'd,
And truſt you've been — *Agreeably Surpriz'd.*

Jan. 2. A new Tragedy, entitled *Such Things Were*, was performed at the Theatre at Bath. The characters were as follow:

Duke of Monmouth,	Mr. Knight.
Kirk,	Mr. Rowbotham.
Clifford,	Mr. Dimond.
Dudley,	Mr. Murray.
Montague,	Mr. Bloomfield.
Allen,	Mr. Bliſſet.
Julia,	Mrs. Simpſon.

This tragedy is founded upon the common ſtory, ſuppoſed to have been aggravated by party zeal, of a young man who was condemned to die for having joined in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, whom General Kirk promiſed his ſiſter to pardon, upon condition of her ſubmitting to his amorous inclinations, but the next morning ſhewed him to her hanging from the window of the inn, on which ſhe ran diſtracted.

This vulgar tale the author has contrived to raiſe to the dignity of the tragic muſe, by ſuppoſing the culprit to be of ſome rank, of the name of Clifford, and upon the verge of matrimony to Julia, who had abſolutely rejected his rival and friend, Dudley, who having joined the royal army, had it in his power to ſerve his rival, in conſequence of Kirk's offer to pardon one friend to any of his officers. This act of generoſity was too refined for Dudley's ideas; but when he finds his friend had been actually executed, notwithſtanding Julia had ſacrificed her innocence to ſave his life, he challenges and kills the treacherous Kirk, and in the conflict receives a mortal wound himſelf, while Julia dies diſtracted.

The author, we are told, is a native of Bath, Mr. P. Hoare, (ſon of Mr. Hoare the Painter), now at Liſbon for the recovery of his health.

PROLOGUE

To the Tragedy of Kirk's Cruelty; *or*, Such Things Were.

Written by Mr. GRAVES.

STUDIOUS the guilty paſſions to controul,
Or wake the tendereſt feelings of the ſoul,
T' excite our *terror*, or, by tales of woe,
To bid the tears of ſoft *compaſſion* flow:——
If ſuch the object, muſt the Tragic Muſe
The barbarous acts of Eaſtern kings peruſe?
Still paint the hackney'd ſcenes of Greece or Rome!
Were then no barbarous deeds e'er done at home?
Can Britiſh annals no dire facts ſupply,
To *move* the feeling heart or moiſtening eye?
Alas! they can—and e'en in modern times,
One horrid act can match their blacket crimes.
Our native province can a tale unfold,
Scarce equall'd by the fab'lous days of old,
" Nor Atreus' feaſt, nor Tereus' bloody deed,
" Can Kirk's enormous cruelty exceed."
The fact yet recent in fair Taunton's Vale,
To ſhuddering nymphs ſupplies the Chriſtmas tale;
" Who weep the fate of one poor helpleſs maid,
" By brutal luſt to venial guilt betray'd,
" Nor ſav'd the life for which the price was paid."
This ſimple tale to tell, th' advent'rous Bard
Within theſe ſoft'ring walls to-night has dar'd,
Where modeſt labour meets its beſt reward.

§ Turns ſuddenly on the Audience.

As no fictitious incident adorne,
The genuine truth all pompous diction
scorns;
Your pity only he attempts to move
By artless scenes of a disastrous love.
Yet, as he paints unparallel'd distress,
To your own feelings trusts for his success.
And though the Muse her powerful aid
withdraws,
Nature herself shall plead the Poet's cause.
Let then the trembling Bard, ye generous
fair,
With weeping JULIA your compassion share:
And as to-night he trusts to *you* his fame,
Ah! doom him not to infamy and shame.
This first attempt with candour deign to hear;
And, should you drop the sympathetic tear,
(That brightest gem that decks the brightest
eyes)
Th' unfeeling Critic's censure—he'll despise.
For Envy's self must patronize our cause,
If such a brilliant audience—*smiles* applause,
[N. B. Those lines with inverted commas were omitted on the stage.]

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GRAVES.

METHINKS I hear some Youthful Critic say,
(Who comes to see the Ladies, not the Play)
" I hate these horrid scenes, where people die,
" And cut each other's throats, the Lord knows why:
" 'Tis not my taste—I'd rather laugh than cry.
" Indeed the play's too tragical by half;
" Give us some comic strokes—to make us laugh."
Turn then your thoughts from these enormous crimes,
And view a while our merry modern times:
Our manners quite a different aspect wear;
And things more smooth and civiliz'd appear.
Though prone to vice, we're cowards e'en in guilt;
We cheat, forge notes—but rarely blood is spilt.
Th' young highwayman will hardly swear or curse;
But—" in the *prettiest manner*—takes your purse."
Sometimes indeed we *threaten* feats more cruel,
When *Courtiers* box *, or Taylors fight a duel;
But pistols will miss fire, friends interpose,
And bruisers only wipe a bloody nose.
At all events, our heroes take great care
To save the face, nor discompose the hair.
As for our Ladies—though they've killing eyes,
In *metaphor* alone the Lover dies;
We're not hard hearted, *sometimes constant* prove,
But who, like JULIA, ever *dies* for love?
Yet this poor maid, her feelings all alive,
Could not, 'tis *said*, her lover's fate survive;
But frantic died—*Such Things*, we hear, *have* been,
Such things we've *heard of*—but have never *seen*.
Our Beaux, indeed, both Commoners and Lords,
Wear scarlet coats, and *sometimes* draw their swords;
Not for a JULIA, but some trifling bet,
Some billiard squabble, or some gambling debt.
Money's their idol, Beauty pleads in vain,
Without Ten Thousand Pounds to bribe the swain;
Give him the Cash, he values not the Lass,
He sees a *prettier person* in his glass.
Young Nymphs may ogle—Dress is all his pride,
And Hymen's torch is almost laid aside.
Thus Beauty fades—fops scorn the marriage yoke,
And an Old Maid's become a standing joke.
Nor is it thus in *private* life alone,
Far less severe our solemn *courts* are grown.
" If villains force, or treacherously entice,
" Some maid or wife to tread the paths of vice;
" The *laughing* Town esteems th' offence but slight,
" And views th' offender in a humorous light:
" The Counsel † pleads, and entertains the court,
" And the poor culprit yields his judge fine sport;
" He joins the laugh, scarce finds himself to blame,
" And, having laugh'd away all fear and shame,
" He only waits the first convenient time
" (And can you blame him?) to repeat his crime."
Go to the Senate, hear some grand debate;
Some weighty question of the Church or State:

* A fashionable amusement.
† Alluding to a late trial at the Old Bailey.

Things

Things are not *there* ſo dull as heretofore,
But Patriots ſet the Members on a roar.
They laugh, juſt like yon gentry in the pit,
And argument gives place to ſprightly wit.
Poor captive Princeſſes, or plunder'd Kings,
But ſerve our orators to ſay *good things*!
Could ſome old Greek, or Senator of Rome,
Or modern Dutchman, to th' aſſembly come;
When Ælius, or when Claudius, juſt had ſpoke,
He'd think our politics were all a joke;
And ſcarce believe, as laughing there they ſit,
That *Europe* trembled at the name of PITT;
That *our* decrees bade Belgic diſcord ceaſe,
And AW'D our haughty rivals into peace.—
But all things have their ſeaſon, Wiſdom cries,
Then let not foreign ſtates our *mirth* deſpiſe,
But own, 'That though we're merry, we are *wiſe*.'

13. An alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*, was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, the alterer ſuppoſed to be the Manager himſelf. The characters were as follow:

Arbaces,	—	Mr. Pope.
Mardonius,	—	Mr. Aickin.
Bacurius,	—	Mr. Fearon.
Gobrias,	—	Mr. Hull.
Ligones,	—	Mr. Thompſon.
Swordſmen,	—	Mr. Wewitzer and Mr. Cubitt.
Tigranes,	—	Mr. Farren.
Beſſus,	—	Mr. Ryder.
Panthea,	—	Miſs Brunton.
Spaconia,	—	Mrs. Bernard.
And Queen Mother,		Miſs Platt.

This play was eſteemed one of the beſt productions of our authors, but the extreme licence of the dialogue had long baniſhed it from the ſtage. The alterations appear to have been confined chiefly to the omiſſion of exceptionable paſſages, the curtailment of ſome ſcenes and the tranſpoſition of others, ſo as to render it a connected and intelligible fable. A grand chorus was introduced in the ſecond Act, and a Prologue was ſpoken by Mr. Farren.

Great care appeared to have been taken in preparing this play for repreſentation, but without effect. It ſeemed to afford but little pleaſure to the audience, and after the firſt night was laid aſide.

The MUSES in MOTION,

Spoken at the Royalty Theatre, *by Mrs.* HUDSON, *and Mrs.* GIBBS,

In the Characters of the Tragic *and* Comic Muſe.

Written by MILES PETER ANDREWS, *Eſq.*

[*Scene draws, and diſcovers the* Tragic Muſe *ſtanding on a Pedeſtal, as in the Pantomime of* Hobſon's Choice.—*After ſome time, ſhe advances to the front with her Bowl and Dagger.*]

NEW to this Stage, beſet with Virgin fears,
For the firſt time *Melpomene* appears;
Tho' on theſe Boards ſhe oft hath ſilent ſtood
With eye upliſted thus—in mournful mood,
Fixt as a poſt ſhe neither ſaid or ſung:—
'Tis the firſt time the Muſe has found her tongue.
What ſhall ſhe urge, to prove her vaſt delight,
Thus left at liberty to talk all night?
What joy on earth, ſo great, ſo overflowing,
As when a Female tongue's juſt ſet a-going?
Anſwer, ye Huſbands, is there aught in life
So truly precious as a chatt'ring wife?
Save the ſtill dearer joy, if left alone,
To praiſe their talents, when they're dead and gone.
But hold:—my Province is to fume and ſwagger,
Rave, rant, and ſtart, and wield my Bowl and Dagger;
Oh! would ſome wooden Hero now appear!*
Whom I might ſcold and ſtab without a fear;
How I would pull his painted locks about,
Seize his glaſs eye, and tear his blinker out.
[*A voice is heard from below.*
What noiſe is that, ſeems threat'ning from below,
Breaks on our grief, and interrupts our woe?
[*Mrs. Gibbs, as the Comic Muſe, ſpeaking under the Stage.*
Open the trap, Sirs, quick, and wind me up—
[*Comic Muſe aſcends—the other ſtarts, and aſſumes a ſerious attitude.*
Your ſervant, Sitter, with your Knife and Cup.
[*Sneeringly.*
[*To the Audience.*
Well, Friends! We both are come your hands to kiſs;
The Tragic Lady, and the Comic Miſs;

* Alluding to the Figures in the Mock Tragedy of Almiria.

But

But ſhould we both attempt to keep poſſeſſion,
Warrants may iſſue from the Quarter Seſſion:
For tho' alone, our tongues may be untied well,
A Dialogue will ſend us both to Bridewell;
Think of our danger ſhould we rouſe again
The *informing Carpenter* of Drury-Lane;
Danger ſo dire it ſtaggers all belief,
Water and Bread, for calling out *Roaſt Beef*.*
[*Imitating Delpini*.
Since then you cannot take us both in keeping,
Which Miſs ſhall ſtay, the laughing, or the weeping?
If me ye chooſe, kind Sirs, for *cara Sposa*,
I'll inſtant tip my Siſter a *Mendoza*.
[*Holds up her fiſts*.
The *Comic Muſe* with fiſts can make diſpatch,
A very *Jordan* at a Boxing-match
[*To the Audience*.
Methinks you ſmile-- Siſter, I've got the day—
Reſign you muſt, ſo ſink, and die away.
[*Touches her with the Maſk*.
Strike Muſic (*Muſic plays*) to aſſiſt her parting groan,
There, going, going, going, going, gone.
[*Tragic Muſe ſinks to ſoft Muſic*.
[*The Comic Muſe, when the other has diſappeared*.
I've clear'd the Stage; but now how hard the taſk
To clear myſelf, and ſport the Comic Maſk;
With inoffenſive mirth the hour to waſte,
And ſuit the humour of each varying taſte.
'Tis eaſier far to riſe with dumb grimaces,
Stand on a Pedeſtal, and make wry faces.
Look at that lean conſumptive Critic yonder,
[*Pointing to the Houſe*.
Wrapp'd in his night-gown, how he gapes with wonder.
Methinks he ſays, "I hate your fooliſh giggle,
[*Talking like a hectic old Man*.
"As well ſing Butter'd Peas, or Wilkes's Wriggle."
"Give me *Don Juan*, when he's hoiſted off,
"*Gray*, and a *Church-Yard*—haugh (*coughing*) oh, curſe this cough."
"Fegs! cries that ſhort thick Lady in the corner—
"I think as how, 'tis *very* croſs to ſcorn her:
"I loves a joke—for Spouſe he jokes, and Cuz:
"Laugh and grow fat, they cries, and ſo we does.—
"Look! ſays *Miſs Frizzle* to her friend *Miſs Simper*,
"How can you like, my Dear, to ſit and whimper?
"I'm all for fun and frolic, mirth and glee,
"*Signor Delpini* is the man for me."
[*In an affected formal manner*.
"But not for me, Miſs, tho' the creatures ſing;
"They tell me, your *Signers* are not the thing."
What do I ſee! *Miſs Biddy*—pray ſtep down,
[*Beckoning to the Houſe*.
The *Comic Muſe* may claim you as her own.—
[*Retires to the ſide a little, and returns as Miſs Biddy*.
Well, here I am, quite anxious to be ſeen,
A d, on my *Sayſo*, Miſs, I'm turn'd thirteen;
Lord how the Beaux do ſtare! Goles, what a heap!
Lend me your Maſk, that I may take a peep;
[*Looking through the Maſk*.
Tho' hang it, that's a fooliſh way to ſee;
For then the Beaux can't take a peep at me.
[*Throws the Maſk away*.
Would you believe it, Miſs? Laſt night, Papa
Sitting at ſupper with my poor Mama;
Betwixt ourſelves, they don't agree a bit:
"Wife, ſays old Gruff, that Girl's a forward chit.—
"It can't be, Dear—Pſha! hold thy ſilly clack;
"I ſaw her riding on the Coachman's back;
"Well, let her ride—ſhe's nothing but a child;
"Young folks, my Love, will be a little wild:
"She knows no harm—No harm, Wife?—No, Duck, no;"—
They little think, but I know what I know.
[*Putting her finger to her noſe archly*.
Well, I do like to ſee two folks make love:
Firſt ſhe ſaules thus—then he draws off her glove;
Then ſhe ſays, Don't you—then he ſays, I will,
And then ſhe frowns, and tells him to ſit ſtill:
Then he looks glum, and then ſhe pats his cheek;
Then they get up, and play at hide and ſeek;
And then they Buss, and then ſhe's made a Wife—
Oh! I could act it to the very life.
Theſe humble efforts of the Comic Muſe
She truſts this gen'rous circle won't refuſe;
More than content, if you accept her toil,
And crown it with a kind approving ſmile.

* The charge againſt Delpini was for articulating thoſe words without muſic.

An Account of FREDERICK PILON.

TO give to departed genius its record and its praiſe, is a taſk which, though neceſſary, cannot be executed without regret.—That ſenſation is very ſtrongly felt by the writer of this article, when he mentions the deceaſe of FREDERICK PILON, a man the goodneſs of whoſe heart would make him long remembered, even if his talents had never aſſerted a right to diſtinction.

It has been often remarked, that the lives of literary men in general afford but ſcanty materials for the biographer. Were Pilon to grace his cauſe by ſpeaking for himſelf, this aſſertion would in ſome degree be refuted. His life had all the contraſt of affluence and depreſſion,—of ſtudious labour and of wandering diſſipation. In the firſt of theſe ſituations, he was benevolent and gay. His misfortunes he bore with uncommon firmneſs, and ſome of his beſt productions have been written under the preſſure of calamity, or in the gloom of a ſponging-houſe.

He was born in the year 1750, in the city of Cork, in Ireland: at a very early age he was diſtinguiſhed by his claſſical attainments; and before he had reached his twentieth year, was ſent to Edinburgh to apply himſelf to the ſtudy of medicine. Finding little gratification in the attendance on lectures, and leſs in the inſpection of anatomical ſubjects, he turned to purſuits more accordant with his feelings, and Cullen and Cullen were neglected for Shakſpeare and Congreve. What was at firſt *diſguſt*, was by this means ſoon confirmed into *averſion*. The reſtraints of prudence were all forgotten, and he determined to indulge his ſtrong propenſities by going on the ſtage.

To his dramatic ſucceſs, however, there were obſtacles which genius could not ſubdue, nor induſtry remove. His voice was deficient in harmony, and his figure wanted grace and importance. He made his firſt appearance at the Edinburgh Theatre, in the character of Oroonoko. His conception was good, and his diſcrimination far beyond the mechaniſm of general acting; but his defects were too obvious; and a very ſhort experience convinced him that he could not ſucceed.

He now felt all the conſequences of imprudence, as by the diſpleaſure of his friends he was left without any other reſource. He therefore continued to play for three or four years at moſt of the provincial Theatres in the northern parts of this kingdom. He at length returned to Cork, where he appeared once more in the Earl of Eſſex, and yielded to the advice of ſome judicious friends, and abandoned a profeſſion for which he found himſelf unfit. He did not long deliberate on his choice of another; for, in 1775, he repaired to London, as the general mart of talents, and commenced a *literary* adventurer.

Among the firſt of his performances, was "An Eſſay on the Character of Hamlet, as performed by Mr. Henderſon, 8vo. 1777. That this was written with much judgment and *acumen*, we need ſcarcely ſay, when we add, that it procured him the friendſhip and patronage of Mr. Colman, which he long retained. In his Drama, a Poem written in the manner of Churchill's Roſciad, 1775, and Regatta, a Poem on the *Fete* given on the River Thames in the year 1776, he was leſs ſucceſsful. In 1778 he produced the Invaſion; or, a Trip to Brighthelmſton. In this piece a well-timed ridicule was pointed at the apprehenſions of thoſe who feared a deſcent from the French upon our coaſt. This firſt production was extremely well received;—a mock proceſſion of ſervants armed with clubs and rakes, which was ſuggeſted by Mr. Garrick, contributed not a little to its ſucceſs.

From this time Pilon continued to woo the Dramatic Muſe with various ſucceſs.—He generally caught whatever temporary ſubject was floating uppermoſt in the public mind, and immediately adapted it to the ſtage.—There appears of courſe, in thoſe productions, more ingenuity than correctneſs, and more of temporary alluſion than of permanent humour.—Of the pieces of this deſcription, the following liſt is, we believe, tolerably accurate.

1. The Invaſion, or Trip to Brighthelmſton, acted at Covent Garden 1778.

2. The Liverpool Prize, acted at Covent Garden 1779.

3. The Illumination, or Glazier's Conſpiracy, a Prelude, occaſioned by the Rejoicings on the Acquittal of Admiral Keppel, acted at Covent Garden 1779.

4. The Deaf Lover, acted at Covent Garden, 1780. This was an alteration of "The Device," a Farce acted and damned the preceding year.

5. The Siege of Gibraltar, a muſical Farce, acted at Covent Garden 1780.

6. The Humours of an Election, acted at Covent Garden 1780.

7. Thelyphthora, a Farce, written in ridicule of the Doctrines of Mr. Madan, acted at Covent Garden 1781.

8. The

8. The Fair American, a Comic Opera, acted at Drury Lane 1782.

9. Aeroſtation, a Farce, acted at Covent Garden 1784.

10. All's Well that Ends Well, altered from Shakeſpeare, acted at the Hay-Market 1785.

11. Baratoria, an alteration from D'Urfey's Don Quixote, acted at Covent Garden 1785.

12. The Touchſtone, a Pantomime, acted at Covent Garden 1779.

In 1786, he preſented his laſt Comedy, He Would be a Soldier, to Mr. Harris; we need not here mention with what ſucceſs it was performed. It has undoubtedly ſo much novelty of ſtructure and originality of character as to rank with the beſt Comedies that have lately been produced. An unfiniſhed play intitled The Ward in Chancery, of which not more than three acts are completed, is left in the hands of his widow, a young lady of much merit, to whom he was united not more than five months.

With reſpect to his private character, it muſt be acknowledged that many of his years were ſpent in the purſuits of diſſipation. Thoſe who live on the precarious revenues of Chance, are often tempted to anticipate what fortune may not afterwards realize:—thus Pilon frequently experienced the want of that *half guinea* which had been given to the luxury of the preceding day; and his attachment to *veniſon* and *turbot* has often compelled the *omiſſion* of a more neceſſary meal. His diſſipation, however, was not of that kind which Johnſon has aſcribed to Savage—lonely, ſelf-gratifying and obſcure. Pilon loved the *feſtivity* and the *luxuries* of the table—but what is yet better, he could ſubdue his ruling paſſion at the call either of friendſhip or neceſſity; and to relieve the wants of others, could chearfully deny himſelf the gratification he had intended.

His converſation was not diſtinguiſhed by many corruſcations of wit, or brilliant effuſions of the fancy; but his reaſoning was clear, and his diction copious and argumentative. His knowledge of the world rendered him an agreeable companion,—while the gentleneſs of his heart rendered him no leſs acceptable as a FRIEND.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Dec. 20.

A Letter from Plymouth ſays, "Laſt Thurſday the Pegaſus Frigate, from Cork, commanded by his Royal Highneſs Prince William Henry, arrived here. His Royal Highneſs went on ſhore to viſit the Admiral and Commiſſioners at dock.—The Pegaſus victuals for foreign ſtation."

Dublin Caſtle, Jan. 17. This day the Parliament, having met, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant went in State to the Houſe of Peers, and being ſeated on the Throne, with the uſual ſolemnity, Scroope Bernard, Eſq. Gentleman Uſher of the Black Rod, was ſent with a meſſage from his Excellency to the Houſe of Commons, ſignifying his pleaſure that they ſhould immediately attend his Excellency in the Houſe of Peers; and the Commons being come thither accordingly, his Excellency was pleaſed to open the Seſſions with the following Speech from the Throne:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

HIS Majeſty having been pleaſed again to call me to the Government of Ireland, I have received his Royal commands to meet you in Parliament.

At the ſame time that I feel myſelf highly flattered by this repeated mark of his Majeſty's confidence, I muſt lament with you the heavy loſs which his ſervice has ſuſtained by the death of the Duke of Rutland, whoſe public and private virtues had ſo deſervedly conciliated the eſteem and affections of this kingdom.

His Majeſty is perſuaded that you will ſhare the ſatisfaction which he feels in the preſent ſituation of foreign affairs, and particularly in the reſtoration of the conſtitution and tranquility of the United Provinces, favoured by the ſeaſonable and vigorous exertions which were made by his Majeſty, and by the brilliant ſucceſs of the Pruſſian troops, under the conduct of his Serene Highneſs the Duke of Brunſwick. The meaſures which his Majeſty has adopted on this occaſion have been productive of advantages, which, while they have added to the luſtre of his Crown, have materially promoted the eſſential intereſt of his dominions.

Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,

I have ordered the national accounts and the neceſſary eſtimates to be prepared and laid before you; and, with the fulleſt confidence in your zeal and loyalty, I obey his Majeſty's commands in recommending to you to provide for the public ſervice.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

My former experience of the affectionate attachment which his Majeſty's ſubjects of Ireland have borne to his perſon and government, and the very particular intereſt which I muſt feel in your welfare, will never fail

to animate my endeavours in purſuit of every object which may promote his Majeſty's paternal wiſhes for the happineſs of this kingdom. With this view, I muſt more eſpecially direct your attention to the ſupport of that great ſtaple of your commerce, the linen manufacture, to the protection and regulation of the Proteſtant Charter ſchools, to the ſecurity of the Church of Ireland, and to thoſe principles, which your wiſdom and humanity have already pointed out for the advancement of education and of uſeful knowledge.

I have ſeen, with particular ſatisfaction, your riſing proſperity, and the rapid increaſe of your commerce and manufactures; and I ſhall be anxious to co-operate with you in improving the advantages which the credit of the country muſt derive from the bleſſings of peace: but, while you are ſenſible of the value of theſe bleſſings, I am perſuaded that you feel the warmeſt concern for the honour of his Majeſty's crown, and for the general intereſts of the empire; and that there is no part of his dominions from which his Majeſty would have received a warmer or more zealous ſupport, if he had judged it neceſſary to call forth into action the ſpirit and reſources of his people.

[An affectionate and loyal Addreſs to his Majeſty in anſwer to this Speech, was *unanimouſly* voted by both Houſes; as was alſo an Addreſs of Congratulation, &c. to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.]

18. Being the day appropriated for the celebration of the Queen's birth, who will be 44 years of age on the 19th of May next, the uſual ceremonies were obſerved in reſpect to the ringing of bells, firing of guns, &c.

The Drawing-room was uncommonly brilliant and crowded, and contained more of the Royal Family than have been collected at one time in that circle for many years; for beſides the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and the Princeſſes, their Royal Highneſſes the Dukes of Glocester and Cumberland were preſent. The foreign Miniſters alſo made a ſplendid appearance in their dreſſes and carriages.

His Majeſty was dreſſed in a ſuit of regimentals, of the new uniform of the ſtaff;—and appeared in the evening in a ſuit of brown velvet, richly embroidered, and was extremely cheerful.

The Prince of Wales was arrayed in a ſuperb dreſs; the coat was of a pale ruby ground, covered with a rich work of white and ſilver; and beautifully embroidered down the ſeams with ſilver: The ſtar of St. George was formed of brilliants; the loop alſo which confined the garter, was of diamonds. The waiſtcoat was of white and ſilver, highly rich and beautiful. The hat in which his Highneſs appeared in the evening at the ball, had a beautiful brilliant button and loop.

The Duke of York appeared in a ſuit of regimentals, with the paraphernalia of the order of the garter, in rich jewellery.

His Highneſs changed his dreſs for the ball, and appeared in the evening in a rich gala ſuit, of a bright purple ground, ſplendidly embroidered.

The Duke of Glocester wore a roſe coloured fancy velvet; and his brother of Cumberland, a mouſe-coloured ſattin, embroidered.

The Queen, as is uſual on her own birthday, was plain, and elegantly dreſſed, without ornaments; her Majeſty's train was a black and orange ſmall figured velvet; the petticoat, of orange ſattin, was covered with a white crape, in velvet ſtripes, with a broad border of rich black lace at the bottom.

Her Majeſty and the three Princeſſes wore caps elegantly decorated with white plumes of feathers, and ſmall ſprigs of artificial flowers, placed with much taſte; their ribbons white, orange and blue.

The Princeſs Royal was in a royal purple and ſilver tiſſue; the petticoat, of the ſame ſilk, was covered with a rich embroidered crape, of a ſmall beautiful pattern, in purple and ſilver, ornamented with rich embroidered bows, taſſels, ſilver fringe, &c. in a ſuperior ſtile of neatneſs and fancy.

The Princeſs Auguſta was in an orange colour and ſilver tiſſue, trimmed with a beautiful embroidered crape, in purple, green, and ſilver, not quite ſo plain as the Princeſs Royal, but equally elegant, and in the higheſt ſtile of faſhion.

The Princeſs Elizabeth wore a coquilicot and ſilver tiſſue, the ſame pattern as the Princeſs Auguſta's; her Highneſs's dreſs and appearance altogether was much admired. The ornaments were entirely white and ſilver, of the fineſt embroidery, ſilver fringes, taſſels, &c. which, added to her Highneſs's natural gaiety and good-humour, gave her all the air and ſplendor of a bride.

The Ladies in general were dreſſed in rich ſattin trains, moſt of which were ſtriped, and ſome in trains *a la goutre*.

The head-dreſſes of the ladies were in general high, with caps *a-la-Turk*, ornamented with flat white oſtrich feathers.

The caps were principally formed of *gauffree* crape and ſattin, with *bandeau* edges with rich blond, the lappets quite flat, and wholly white. Very few flowers worn on the head; the ſubſtitute for which was wreaths of wheat-ears.

The faſhion of the hair differed from that of laſt year, by being dreſſed lower on the forehead, and the temples more expoſed.—The toupee in very ſmall curls, ſhort curls on the neck, and flowing in ringlets behind.

The

The ear-rings that were worn were long, and formed of diamonds, or pearl and gold intermixed. Diamond necklaces, tied tight round the neck, and ſtrings of pearl hung looſely on the boſom. The neck more expoſed than uſual, as the ladies wore tuckers and ſmall tippets. No breaſt-bows or ſleeve-knots, unleſs made of diamonds. Bouquets not ſo large as uſual, and fixed on the left ſide. No ſtomachers, or any decoration whatever in their place—the bodies being entirely plain; not even a Zone, which was ſo univerſal laſt year.——Sleeves of the gown very ſhort, not to cover the elbow; ruffles treble, and rather longer than laſt birth-day, with very deep heads.——Very few flounces to the petticoats, but the gauze on them very full, ſet up to repreſent plaits at the bottom, and moſtly edged with gold and ſilver fringes of various breadths. Thoſe who wore fancy trimmings on the petticoat, choſe them of embroiderd gauze, or ſattin laid in looſe folds, in imitation of feſtoons, with deep gold and ſilver fringes.

Few ladies wore buckles—moſtly white ſlippers, with gold and ſilver knots.—— Two watches were univerſal—unleſs a picture was ſubſtituted for one of them, or a fancy ſetting.

The trains and bodies of the Ladies dreſſes were principally of white ſattin—very few in colours. Ribbons chiefly white.

The Gentlemen were dreſſed chiefly in dark coloured ſilk trimmed with fur, or in velvet richly embroidered with gold, ſilver, and ſteel. They did not wear their hair dreſſed ſo low at the ſides, nor their toupees ſo high—moſtly two curls on a ſide. Their coats not ſo high at the neck;—ſome few wore full ſtocks, the Prince in particular. The ſhoes higher quartered than uſual, and the buckles ſmaller—very few with two watches. This faſhion is given up to the Ladies.

Almoſt all the new dreſſes were lined with ſattin of the ſame colour as the coat. A few gentlemen wore fur linings.

BALL.

Their Majeſties and the Princeſſes entered a little after nine, preceded by the officers of ſtate.—The overture of Samſon began playing on the entrance of the King, and continued till their Majeſties were ſeated.

The ball was opened by the Prince of Wales and the Princeſs Royal:—the minuets were in the following order:—

MINUETS.

The Prince of Wales	The Princeſs Royal.
	The Princeſs Auguſta.
The Duke of York	The Princeſs Elizabeth.
	Lady Cath. Beauclerk.
The Earl of Morton	Lady Carol. Beauclerk.
	Lady Charlotte Bertie.
Lord Burford	Counteſs of Aldborough.
	L. G. Leveſon Gower.
Earl of Cavan	L. C. Leveſon Gower.
	Lady Parker.
Lord Galway	Lady Harriot Finch.
	Lady Carol. Waldgrave.
Lord Stopford	Lady Ann Bellafyſe.
	Lady Anne Weſley.
H. Mr. Edgecumbe	Lady Arden.
	Hon. Miſs Thynne.
Hon. T. Townſhend	Hon. Miſs Townſhend.
	Miſs C. Keppel.
Hon. Mr. Thynne	Miſs Simpſon.
	Miſs Cunliffe.
Lord Burford	Miſs Gideon.
	Miſs Charlotte Gideon.
Earl of Morton	Mrs. Colville.
	Hon. Miſs Howe.

Order of the COUNTRY DANCE PARTY.

Prince of Wales	Princeſs Royal
Duke of York	Princeſs Auguſta
Duke of Cumberland	Princeſs Elizabeth
Hon. T. Townſhend	Lady Carlotte Gordon
Lord Cavan	Lady Charlotte Bertie
Earl of Morton	Lady Lucy Fitzgerald
Lord Stopford	L. G. Leveſon Gower
H. Mr. Edgecumbe	L. C. Leveſon Gower
Hon. Mr. Thynne	Lady Ann Leſlie
Lord Burford	Hon. Miſs Thynne
Mr. St. Leger	Miſs Simpſon

PREFERMENTS.

THE Rev. William Cleaver, D. D. one of the prebendaries of Weſtminſter, to be biſhop of Cheſter, vice Dr. Porteous, tranſlated.

Charles Euſtace, eſq. to be deputy quarter-maſter-general in Ireland, and to rank as colonel in his Majeſty's army.

Stephen Freemantle, eſq. to be deputy adjutant-general in Ireland, and to rank as major in his Majeſty's army.

Sir F. L Rogers, bart. of Blachford, to be deputy-ridei and maſter-foreſter of the foreſt and chace of Dartmoor, Devon.

The Rev. George Hill, to be ſecond maſter and profeſſor of divinity in the New College of the univerſity of St. Andrew's, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Henry Spens.

Dr. Douglas, biſhop of Carliſle, to be dean of Windſor and Wolverhampton, vice Dr. Harley, dec.

MARRIAGES.

THE Rev. Hammond Robertſon, M. A. fellow of Magdalen College, to Miſs Aſhford, of Gildersham, in Yorkſhire.

The Rev. Joſeph Brookbank, of the City-road, to Miſs Shrimpton, of High-Wycombe.

Thomas Brooke, eſq. member of parliament for Newton, in Lancaſhire, to Miſs Cunliffe, ſiſter to Sir Foſter Cunliffe, Bart.

The Rev. John Evans, rector of Sibſton, Leiceſterſhire, to Miſs Charlotte Cookſey, daughter of Holland Cookſey, eſq. of Braces-Leigh, Worceſterſhire.

Richard Lowndes, eſq. of Liverpool, to Miſs Dobſon, only daughter and heireſs of the late Dr. Dobſon.

Capt. Troubridge, of the royal navy, to Miſs Richardſon, of Mary-le-bonne.

Capt. Pilcher, ſon of Edward Pilcher, eſq. of Rocheſter, to Miſs Kirby, of Chatham.

H. Hawkins, eſq of Hitchin, Herts, to Miſs Charlotte Wortham.

At Whittleſey, in the iſle of Ely, Mr. Thomas Smith, aged 75, to Miſs Ann Robinſon, ſpinſter, aged 15.

At Briſtol, the Rev. Mr. Watſon, to Miſs Butler.

At Batterſea, the Rev. Edward Evans, vicar of Nun-Ormſby, Lincolnſhire, to Miſs Walkingame, of Kenſington.

At Bradford, Walter Scott, Eſq. of the iſland of Grenada, to Miſs Slater, daughter of the late Richard Slater, eſq. of Bradford.

John Hunter, eſq his Majeſty's conſul for Seville and St. Lucar, to Miſs Margaret Congalton, eldeſt daughter of Charles Congalton, eſq. Phyſician, in Edinburgh.

The Rev. James Relton, of Queen's College, and vicar of Shirburn, Oxford, to Miſs Rudge, eldeſt daughter of the Rev. Mr. Rudge, rector of Wheatfield.

Francis Burton, eſq. of Lincoln's Inn, a king's counſel, and member for Woodſtock, to Miſs Halhead, eldeſt daughter of Nicholas Halhead, eſq. late of Durham.

Archibald Grant, eſq. jun. of Moneymuſk, to Miſs Mary Forbes, daughter of major Forbes.

John Manby, eſq. of Beſ[illegible] Hall, in Eſſex, to Miſs Hannah Maria Cr[illegible], of Glanford-bridge, Lincolnſhire.

The Rev. Mr Reynolds, vicar of Beſthorp, in Norfolk, rector of Tuxwood, and chaplain to the earl of Winterton, to Miſs Barraud, of Rathbone-place.

Thomas Pitt, eſq. of Charles-ſtreet, St. James's-ſquare, to Miſs Leigh, daughter of Henry Cornwall Leigh, of High Legh, Cheſhire.

Lord Petre, to Miſs Juliana Howard, youngeſt daughter of Henry Howard, eſq. of Gloſſop.

Mr. John Calvert Clarke, of Barbican, to Miſs Martin, of Charter houſe-ſquare.

John Drake, eſq. of Middleſmore-hall, to Miſs Wallace, daughter of John Wallace, Eſq. of Hubberholme, Yorkſhire.

The Rev. John Blanchard, maſter of the academy at Nottingham, to Miſs Ann Hoſkins, ſecond daughter of Abraham Hoſkins, eſq. of Burton-upon-Trent

William Parſlow, eſq. A. B. of Corpus Chriſti College, Cambridge, to Miſs Jane Jones, of Garthmill, in Montgomeryſhire.

The Rev. John Nicholl, rector of Remenham, Berks, to the Hon. Miſs Mary Flower, ſecond daughter of the late Henry lord viſcount Aſhbrook.

Abraham Mello, eſq. to Miſs Anne Saunders, of Highgate.

Edward Miller Mundy, eſq. knight of the ſhire for Derby, to the Right Hon. lady dowager Middleton.

Sir Francis Samuel Drake, bart. to Miſs Onſlow, only daughter of George Onſlow, eſq.

George Moore, eſq. of the exciſe-office, to Mrs. Meager, of Howard ſtreet.

John Parſons, eſq. of Kemerton, to Miſs Holme, of Brownhill near Gloucester.

Mr Scammel, of Compton-Chamberlain, aged 66, to Miſs Foyle, of Wyle, aged 21.

Sir John Hatton, bart. of Long-ſtanton, Cambridgeſhire, to Miſs Bridgham, daughter of —— Bridgham, eſq. an American refugee.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

Dec. 21.

MR. John Henry Moze, organiſt of St. Ann's, Soho; the Collegiate Church of St. Catherine's, near the Tower; and the German Church, near the Savoy.

22. In St. John's-ſtreet, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. the Earl of Hyndford.

23. Thomas Doughs, eſq. of Grantham.

Mr. Ottiwell Wood, fuſtian manufacturer in Mancheſter.

24. The Rev. Randolph Ekins, 40 years rector of the parish of Pebmarſh.

Mrs. Morley, wife of James Morley, eſq. of Kempſhott, in Hampſhire.

Mr. Mendham, eldeſt ſon of Robert Mendham, merchant, in Walbrook.

The

The Rev. William Totten, of Edgware.

Lately, Dr. John Prouty, parish priest of Killashandra, in Ireland, aged 102 years.

Lately, in Cork, in the 104th year of his age, Thomas Gilburne, who served in Queen Anne's wars, under the Duke of Marlborough, and at the battle of Dettingen, in 1743.

Also Daniel Herling, labourer, aged 107.

Wm. Tyffen, esq. of Cheshunt, Herts.

26. Mr. John Davidson, Yeoman of the wine-cellar.

27. The most noble Jane Marchioness of Lothian, at Lothian-house.

James Buggin, esq. of Bexley, in Kent, one of the Directors of Hudson's Bay Company.

28. Capt. James Barton, many years in the West-India trade, aged 87.

William Hughes, esq. of Nenodd, in the Isle of Anglesea.

The Rev. John Arcliam, rector of Postwick and Great Dunham, Norfolk.

Lately, Lady Trevelyan, aged 73, sister of the late Sir Walter Blacket.

29. Dennis O'Kelly, esq. the owner of Eclipse.

30. Mr. Alex. Parkes, of Stockport, Cheshire.

At Frostenden, in Suffolk, Roger Mainwaring, esq. younger brother of the late Eaton Mainwaring Ellerker, esq. and uncle of the Countess of Leicester.

31. John Berens, esq. of Broad-street.

1788.

Jan. 1. At Bath, Mrs. Southcote, relict of John Parker Southcote, esq. of that place.

At Kilmarnock, Scotland, Janet Allan, aged 105.

At Renton-house, Scotland, Sir John Home, bart.

David Crawford, esq. of Catronbank, Captain-Lieutenant of the late 83d reg.

2. John Phillips, esq. of Duke-street, Westminster, formerly a brewer in Peter-street.

3. Mr. Bullock, grocer, at Hackney.

Simon Scroop, esq. at Danby-upon-Yore, Yorkshire.

4. The Rev. Edward Chester, of Kelvedon and Eastford, aged 67.

Mrs. Bent, wife of Mr. Bent, bookseller, in Pater-noster row.

Duncan Grant, esq. of Forres, Scotland.

5. James Holford, esq. Charles-street, Berkeley square.

Mr. Fifield, grocer and tea-dealer, Gloucester-street, Queen-square.

Miss Sanxay, of Cheam.

The Rev. Mr. Stoup, of Kimpton, in the vale of Belvoir.

The Rev. Edmund Tyrwhitt, rector of Wickham, Bishop's vicar of Bromfield, in Essex; and prebend of Chiswick, in the Cathedral of St. Paul's.

6. The Rev. Mr. Price, vicar of High Wycomb, Bucks, and one of the Aldermen of that Borough.

7. Capt. Stratton, in the Irish trade.

Alex. Kellshaw, of Heskin-hall, Lancashire, aged 96.

8. Dr. John Harley, Bishop of Hereford. He was born Sept. 20, 1728, married Roach, daughter of Gwynn Vaughan, esq. by whom he has left two sons and two daughters.

Mr. Tho. Fearnley, Old Artillery-ground, Spital-fields.

9. Edward Nelthorpe, esq. of Scawby, in Lincolnshire, brother to Sir John Nelthorpe.

Lately, at Corney, in Cumberland, the Rev. Mr. Fisher, aged 84 years, 52 of which he had been rector of that parish. His predecessor Mr. Benson held it 60 years.

Lately at Belton, Rutlandshire, William Kelburn, aged 79, father and grandfather to 89 children; and within three days, Thomas Kelburn, his brother, aged 87.

Lately, Mr. Edward Luxford, penmaker, of Houndsditch.

11. Tho. Starling, esq. of the City of Norwich, aged 80.

Mrs. Lacy, wife of Mr. Lacy, late Patentee of Drury Lane Theatre.

At Paddington, Col. John Peters, who was born at Hebron, in Connecticut, June 1740. He took an active against the Americans, for which he was obliged to take refuge in this country.

Capt. James Sinclair, in the service of the East-India Company.

At Stanton Wick, Bath, John Adams, esq.

12. At Shrubland-hall, in Suffolk, the Rev. John Bacon, M. A.

Mr. William Dare, of Sion College.

At Brussels, Lady Catherine Bellasis.

At Chowbent, Lancashire, Mr. John Mort, aged 86.

Lately, at Waterford, in Ireland, the Rev. Alex. Alcock, Arch-Deacon of Lismore.

13. Mr. John Davis, haberdasher, Bishopsgate-street,

—— Douglas, esq. one of the Proprietors of the great cotton-manufactory at Holywell, in Flintshire.

John Cope Freeman, esq. of Abbots Langley, Herts.

Lately, at Hales Owen, aged 91, Mrs. Sarah Green, widow.

14. At

14. At Bath, Mr. Smyth, father of Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, bart. member for Totneſs.

Mrs. Spencer, wife of Mr. Spencer, in Bow-ſtreet, Covent-garden.

Mr. Tho. Smith, printer and bookſeller, Canterbury.

Miſs Roberts, eldeſt ſiſter of the Rev. Dr. Roberts, maſter of St Paul's ſchool.

Lately, at Snettiſham, in Norfolk, Nicholas Styleman, eſq.

Lately, in Jamaica, the Hon. Wm. Peete, one of the Judges Aſſiſtant of that Iſland, and only ſon of Richard Peete, eſq. of Norwich.

15. At Hexham, Robert Shaftoe, Eſq. of Bavington, in Northumberland.

Parkins Mac Mahon, Eſq.

Mr. Thomas Maſon, Attorney at Law, Blackman-ſtreet, Southwark.

Lately, Mr. Arthur, a brewer, and Alderman at Plymouth.

16. Sir William Caſtleton, Bart. at Hingham, Norfolk, aged 87.

At Glaſgow, Capt. Addiſon, of the 56th regiment.

At Rothieſmay, the Counteſs of Fife, mother of the Earl of Fife.

Lock Rollinſon, Eſq. of Chadlington, in Oxfordſhire.

At Canterbury, Mr. William Hills, of Chancery-lane.

Lately, Mr. John Small, merchant, of Baſinghall-ſtreet.

17. Arthur Gray, Eſq. Agent of the Ayr Bank.

Mrs. Bayley, wife of Nathaniel Bayley, Eſq. of Jamaica

At Paris, the Count de Graſſe, who was taken priſoner by Admiral Rodney. (See a Portrait and an Account of him in our Magazine for Auguſt 1782.)

Frederick Pilon, Author of ſeveral dramatic pieces. (See page 58.)

18. Mrs. Manſhip, mother of Mr. Manſhip, a Director of the Eaſt-India Company.

Lately, Mr. Henry Wichells, grocer, in Lothbury.

Lately Mr. Sculthorpe, of Princes ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare.

19. Walter Calmady, eſq. one of the oldeſt officers of the navy.

Mr. Thomas Hopley, aged 86, Maſter of the Horſe at the Dock-yard, Chatham.

Lately, Richard Doidge, eſq. of Elfordleigh, near Plympton, high-ſheriff of Devonſhire in 1771.

20. Arthur Curthbert, eſq. Berners-ſtreet.

Mr. Arthur Clewin, farmer, at Finchley

Mr. Benjamin Panley, formerly a baker in Jewin-ſtreet.

Lately, at Blenheim-park, Mr Richard Smallbones, more than 50 years park keeper to the Dukes of Marlborough.

21. Thomas Moore, eſq. in Moore-place, in the 88th year of his age.

Daniel Bayne, eſq. of the Inner Temple.

Mr. William Lewis, at Fareham.

Mrs. Grace Cotterel, daughter of the late Sir Clement Cotterel Dormer.

The Rev. John Francis Delaporte, at Carſhalton in Surry, in the 90th year of his age.

Lately, Mr. Craddock, at Enfield.

22. Thomas Smith, eſq. formerly a wholeſale linen-draper in Milk-ſtreet.

Mrs. Catharine Clark, late proprietor of Rackſtrow's Muſeum, Fleet-ſtreet.

24. John Elliott, eſq. Binfield, Berks.

25. Theophilus Oſborne Herriett, eſq.

Lately, Mr. Henry George Vigne, miniature-painter.

BANKRUPTS.

DAVID Williams, of Great Mary-le-bone-ſtreet, Middleſex, dealer and chapman. John Thomas, jun. of Falmouth, Cornwall, grocer. Michael Evans, of Staffordſ, grocer. Thomas Richardſon and John Murray, of the Minories, London, mercers and copartners. Thomas Pugh, of Oſweſtre, Salop, ſcrivener. John Learner, of Norwich, factor Deborah Wingate, of Cromhall, Glouceſterſhire, blanket and rug manufacturer. Robert Higham, of Peddinghoe, Suſſex, mariner. Thomas Twine, of Warrington, Lancaſhire, liquor-merchant. William Lucas and William Beaumont, of the Middle-yard, Great Queen-ſtreet, Middleſex, cabinet-makers. Richard Whitlam, of Yedding, Middleſex, potatoe-merchant. Duncan Ferguſſon, of St. James's-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, milliner. Samuel Turner, of Gainſburgh, Lincolnſhire, mercer, draper, dealer and chapman. Richard Delve, of Chudleigh, Devonſhire, butcher. John Stickland, of Newgate-market, cheeſemonger. Jonn Hopkins, of Horſley, in Glouceſterſhire, carrier. Stephen Parmantier, of Conduit-ſtreet, taylor. William Simpſon, of Fleet-market, mealman. Iſaac Delvalle, of Fenchurch-ſtreet, broker. Thomas Wall and William Ball, of Briſtol, maltſters. John Munden, of Swanſea, block and ſail-cloth-maker John Percival, of Northwich, woollen-draper. John Hays, of Hindley, in Lancaſhire, victualler. John Dent, of Wapping-ſtreet, grocer.